

The GRAPHIC



Twentieth Year—October 11, 1913

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

RECOMPENSE

By EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

As I stand at my window at evening
In my cottage alone by the sea,
Afar on the azure horizon
My ship's sailing homeward to me;

And in fancy I see in the moonlight
Its sails gleaming opal and white,
And the foam on the crest of the billows,
Like the heart of my bosom, is light.

But a cloud floats over the heavens
And veils the fair ship from my sight,
And behind the dim, distant horizon
It vanishes into the night;

And alone I still stand by my window
'Neath the noon and the mist of the sea;
But down by the sand dune, a maiden
Is waiting to welcome me.

And soon we'll be happy together
In our own little realm on the lea;
And there in the blaze of the twilights
We'll watch for my ships on the sea.

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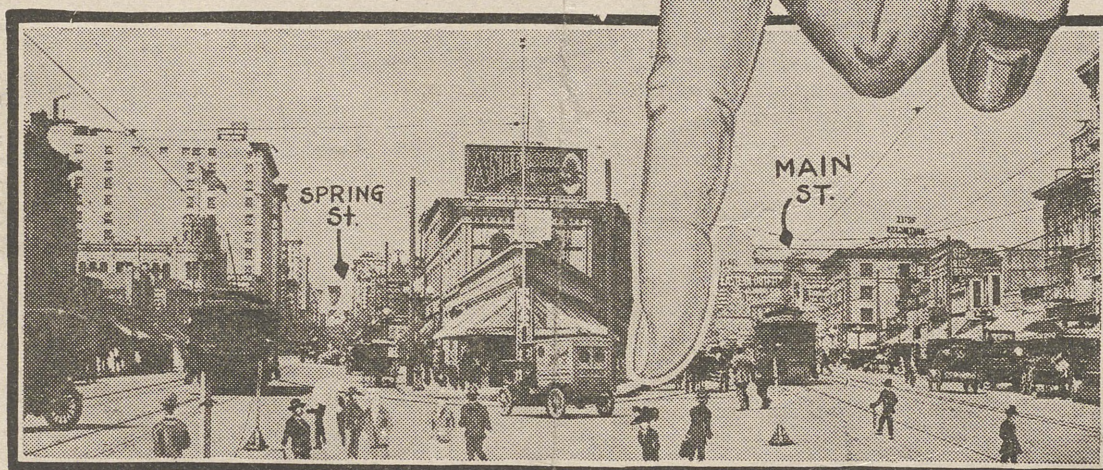
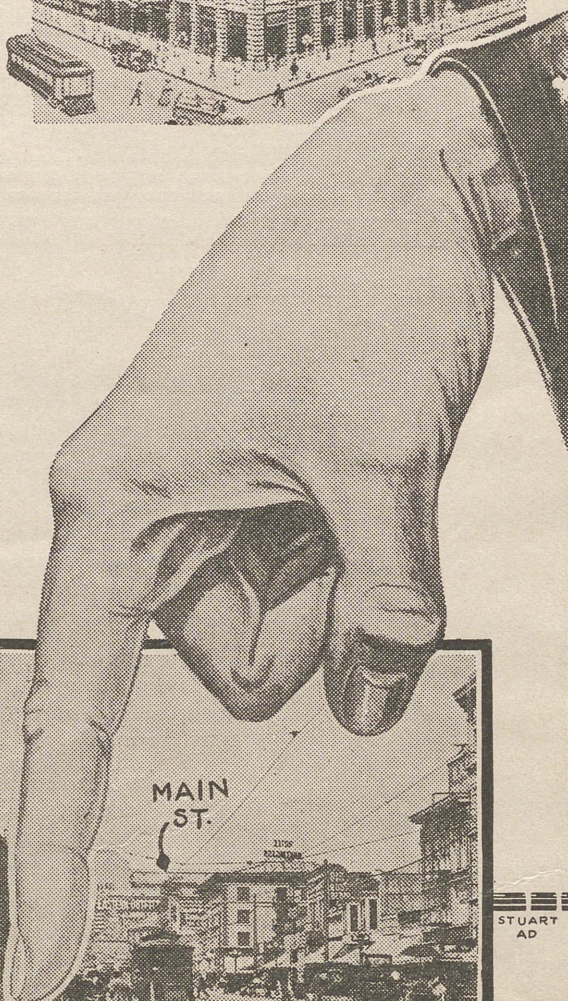
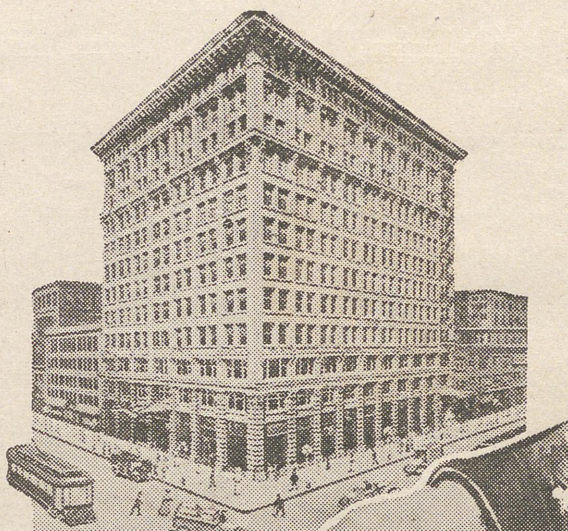
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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



WHAT RIO JANEIRO SHOULD BE SPARED

WHAT a complex nature is that of Theodore Roosevelt, who is so big in many ways, so narrow in others, due, mainly, to his colossal egotism. We are not denying that he has earned the right to be an egoist, but the American people hardly need to be reminded of his many achievements by their author; it would be much prettier to let them speak for themselves. They are not so evanescent as to be soon forgotten. Moreover, circumstances alter cases. The colonel's way, excellent though it was at the time, may not be a good precedent invariably to follow; all the wisdom of the world is not concentrated in Mr. Roosevelt, even though it is difficult to convince him to the contrary.

These reflections are induced by his toplofty criticism of President Wilson's Mexican policy, elaborated in an article in the current Century Magazine and briefly adverted to in his prepared speech for delivery at the Progressive banquet in New York Friday, just prior to his sailing for South America. Doubtless; reminded by the tart comments on his want of taste in arraigning the President, he decided to omit a repetition of his criticisms at the banquet, but forgot to notify the newspapers that had received advance copies of his address, whose printing in unexpurgated form sent the colonel off to Rio Janeiro in a towering rage.

Instead of employing diplomacy, as Mr. Wilson has done in endeavoring to allay the troubles in Mexico, the belligerent colonel insists that the proper course to pursue was a duplication of his method in Hayti, which, it will be recalled, was application of the big stick through our war vessels. That was probably the wisest way to settle the difficulties in the black republic, but what was good for Hayti might have been very bad for Mexico, and for citizens of the United States resident there. By far the majority of the people in this country believe that Mr. Wilson's course has been well-considered and amply justified by the circumstances. A few selfish critics affect to think to the contrary, but the public estimates their bias aright. For Mr. Roosevelt to contrast the two courses and proclaim his way the right and only policy is the quintessence of self-applomb.

Perhaps, we are all willing to admit that but for his defiance of treaty rights and obligations of honor resting upon the United States there would have been no Panama canal, yet the manner of "taking" Panama is not the most edifying episode in our national history to contemplate. The acquisition of the canal zone, regardless of the just claims of Colombia to jurisdiction over the territory, was the beginning of that chapter of dishonor in connection with the isthmus

whose dubious continuation was seen in the ignoring of our treaty pledge with Great Britain of equal rights to all nations in regard to the privileges of the canal. Mr. Roosevelt says his mission to South America is "to carry to our brothers in the south a message concerning the ideas of the newer and greater democracy which has come into being among us here." We trust that reference to these specified acts of faithlessness will not be included as evidence of our ideals.

LOGICAL VIEW OF STATE POLITICS

THAT "exclusive dispatch" in the Los Angeles Times, dated Sacramento, October 7, purporting to reveal the "nervous and worried" attitude of the Progressives, due to Gov. Johnson's alleged inactivity, his disgust at the political trend, his disappointment over his slump as a national figure and his physical sickness, has all the earmarks of having been rewritten and largely amplified and colored in the Times editorial rooms, under the direction of the publisher. It is in no sense a "news" story; it is strongly tinged with bias, is not warranted by the known facts and is so obviously an attempt to inject oxygen into the Republican organization in the state—what is left of it—at the expense of the Progressives, that it becomes ludicrous in its puerilities.

Gov. Johnson may be a sick man, but that is hardly a subject for hilarity. We do not agree with many of his policies, but he has accomplished a big task in redeeming the state from dangerous corporation dictation and for that he is entitled to great credit. His reward is in his elevation to the governorship. Having served a notable purpose, his limitations in other directions call for a man with broader visions to direct affairs. All that is good in the governor's administration should be retained, but his bigotries, his prejudices, his rank partisanship, his demagoguery toward labor of the Tweitmoor stripe, seen in his insulting attitude toward the Japanese, pall upon those of more liberal tendencies and suggest a change of executive management for the welfare of California.

But it will not come by dealing in gross misrepresentations, by attempts to deceive those Republicans that remain loyal to the party, in spite of its sins of omission and of commission. There is no Republican in the state who, on a strict party ticket, can defeat Johnson if he decides to enter the running. It is folly to ignore this and idiotic to try to make the disintegrated Republican organization in California believe to the contrary. Not that way lies hope for a change of administration. With the prestige of success attending the national Democratic party in its constructive policies at Washington, the certainty of passage of the currency bill and the good effects that are bound to accrue to the common people through the beneficent workings of the new tariff law, the time is auspicious for the election of a Democrat of large mental caliber as executive of the state, which can easily be accomplished by a coalition of Democratic and Republican forces.

Not a Tarpey, a Bell, a "Pinkie" Snyder, a Fred Hall or similar porous material can turn the trick. If not Franklin K. Lane, then, perhaps, Representative Raker might be a victorious leader, but no dull thud mediocrity will suffice. With the head of the ticket wisely selected and nice discrimination shown in the selection of the less important offices indorsement by the majority of voters will follow. How to accomplish this through our primary election system need not worry those favorable to such a fusion. A state-wide mass meeting, to be called at Santa Barbara or Stockton, of Republicans and Democrats could name a tentative ticket and present it to the

people for approval at the primaries. If a majority of citizens is opposed to a second term for Johnson that will be indicated by nomination of the fusion candidates presented. If to the contrary, then the effort will fail for lack of adhesion.

Why we assert it will win is predicated on the November election. If the governor can find cause for comfort in a presidential vote that partially repudiated him and returned only 174 plurality for eleven-thirteenths of the Roosevelt-Johnson electors he is possessed of more sanguine stuff than hard sense. Truth is, the people were disgusted with his long absence from the state, chasing an ignis fatuus of his own devising; they were not enamoured of his alliance with maudlin newspaper publishers bent on saving the necks of murderers and they resented the arrogation of all the virtues to his own particular coterie. That is what the pitiful 174 plurality meant in an opposition vote that was wholly unorganized and it is a signpost pointing to the certain triumph of a well-selected fusion ticket in 1914.

FULFILLING A SACRED PLEDGE

THERE were no flashlight photographs taken of President Wilson in the act of signing the new tariff law, no moving picture films made of the important event. The Executive properly held that the affixing of his name to a legislative act of so great importance should be a dignified occasion and his brief but impressive speech to the group of legislators assembled at the White House certainly aided in producing that effect. A loftier note of satisfaction in duty accomplished has seldom pervaded a public address, whose simple but feeling expressions reveal how deeply the President has been moved by a sense of obligation through the seven months in which the direct representatives of the people have labored conscientiously in their behalf.

Strong as the temptation must have been to indulge in mental pyrotechnics in congratulating his party on the fruition of its labors to date the President revealed admirable restraint. There are thousands of his fellow countrymen who, too, have waited long for justice to be done to the consumers, the rank-and-file of the nation, and who rejoice with Mr. Wilson in the fulfillment of his sacred pledge to the people. There is a pang at heart that the work could not have been done by a Republican congress, but that is a mere sentimental throb. We are all Americans, having the best interests of the country in mind, to reach which goal there is inevitably a difference of opinion among political parties. Mr. Taft was prolific of promise, but, alas, he did not perform. It was not wholly his fault; he meant well, but he was temperamentally unfitted to cope with the task of combating the opposing forces in his party. We, who for years have preached tariff revision in the Republican fold, knowing that disruption of the party or at least relegation from power was the penalty of standing pat, find no great solace in reflecting that we foresaw the parting of the ways.

But the work, as Mr. Wilson observed, is only half done. Having relieved the country from a commercial and economic menace, it now devolves upon the dominant party to take away the power to create monopoly through financial control. It is this second task that the Democratic leaders are now confronting, the successful accomplishment of which will complete that industrial freedom which the remarkable figure in the White House told us in his pre-election speeches was his great desire. With the prestige of success now enswathing the administration there is little doubt that the currency bill will presently be adopted and, with the President, we

agree that such desirable consummation will come to pass much sooner than many pessimistic individuals believe.

That was a happy couplet from Henry V that the President quoted in his felicitous speech. "If it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending soul alive." It will be found in the third scene of Act IV, a speech wherein King Henry chides his cousin, the Earl of Westmoreland, for faintheartedness, just prior to the battle of Agincourt. Says Harry:

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear,
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But, if it is a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.

We might continue the apt allusion with the reminder that the momentous day was known as the feast of Crispian which

Shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered.

So shall Mr. Wilson and those with him who have fought the good fight be well remembered by their countrymen and by posterity. If Mr. Wilson covets honor we realize that it is not for himself alone; for his associates and for his party in the redemption of promises he covets honor quite as much as for himself. What a quiet, graceful closing was that in which he said: "So I feel tonight like a man who is lodging happily in the inn which lies half way along the journey and that in the morning, with a fresh impulse, we shall go the rest of the journey, and sleep at the journey's end like men with a quiet conscience, knowing that we have served our fellow-men and have thereby tried to serve God."

INCOME TAX AND ITS APPLICATION

HAVE you figured up your income tax account for submission to the internal revenue collector of this district? Because you think you are exempt is no excuse for failing to return a statement to the proper officials. If you are in the non-taxable class you must demonstrate the fact to the satisfaction of the federal authorities. You will receive a tax bill in due season which must be properly filled out and returned to save a fine. Remember, the bachelor taxpayer is entitled to deduct \$3000 and the married man \$4000. But the gross income must be stated on the report sheet together with all exemptions, of which the government is the judge. These include the necessary expenses of carrying on business, but not personal living or family expenses. Interest paid out on indebtedness. National, state, county, school or municipal taxes paid within the year. Trade losses, or storm or fire losses, not covered by insurance. Worthless debts charged off during the year. A reasonable allowance for the depreciation of property. Dividends from companies whose income has already been taxed. Interest from state, municipal or government bonds.

Every large corporation is required to report any salaries it pays in excess of \$3000 and when the tax has been demonstrated the same must be deducted from the pay checks. This together with deductions from dividend checks is what is known as collecting at the source. The law compels corporations to take this course. Between January 1, 1914, and March of next year the taxpayer must make his return in respect to his income from March 1, 1913, to the end of the present year, the period to be calculated as five-sixths of a year. All succeeding reports will be for a full year. By June 1 the taxpayer will be notified of the exact amount of his tax which must be paid within the month. If he neglects his duty the collector may make a return for him at any time within three years. If the tax is unpaid there will be added to the amount due five per cent and one per cent monthly. The penalty for refusal to make return is a fine ranging from \$20 to \$1000. The making of a false return is a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of \$2000, or a year's imprisonment, or both.

It is estimated that 425,000 persons must pay the income tax, which is expected to yield about eighty millions of dollars annually, much more than enough

to reinforce the revenues curtailed by the revised tariff schedules. Its justification is the fairness of its distribution. Under high protection the consumers were mulcted unjustly to give manufacturers profits they had not earned. The new tariff law aims to remedy this long-standing injustice and through the country-wide imposition of a graded income tax garner the government revenues on a more equitable basis. The tax ranges from one per cent upon the excess above \$3000 to seven per cent upon the excess above \$500,000. According to treasury experts there are in California 25,000 persons with incomes from \$3000 to \$25,000; 500 persons whose incomes range from \$25,000 to \$50,000; 200 citizens who enjoy an income between \$50,000 and \$100,000, and fifty Californians whose incomes are \$100,000 or more.

As every taxpayer will receive a copy of the law with his or her blank statement it is advisable that the provisions be carefully studied since the plea of ignorance will not avail in the event of a failure to make proper return. This applies to all persons, whether exempt or not; the federal officials are the ones to determine the legality of claimed deductions. Of course, the income tax is levied on the net income. A bachelor having \$5000 a year must pay one per cent on \$2000 or \$20, while the married man with the larger exemption would be mulcted only \$10 on the same basis of income, which ratio of figuring continues to the \$20,000 limit to which the one per cent tax extends, the same deductions applying, with the tax imposed on the net amount. It is estimated that the total revenue receipts from all sources in 1916 will be in excess of a billion dollars of which customs will yield \$250,000,000, the corporation tax \$40,000,000 and the income tax \$82,000,000. If the calamity howlers—such as Sereno Payne, who predicts a deficit of \$30,000,000 in 1915—are proved wrong and the new tariff law, together with the income tax and prospective currency measure, meets sanguine expectations, a vote of confidence in the Democratic party in 1916 is reasonably certain to follow.

PLAINT OF THE AVIATOR

EXPLANATION of the slump in aviation in the United States is attributed by J. Guy Gilpatric, chief pilot of the Sloane Aeroplane Company of New York, to the lack of enthusiasm, due to a dearth of financial and moral encouragement, which has made hard sledding for the industry. Assuming that America was the mother of this vast scientific development, he asks "Why does she not nurture her offspring, why does not the government pursue a course similar to that of other civilized nations, and give its patronage to a means of fighting what—unless it soon awakens—may prove its undoing? Such questions are beyond me!" He continues:

And why does not the public which today raises its skeptical eyebrows and asks, "What's happened to aviation, anyhow?" lend, in a degree at least, its moral support? And why does it shake its sage head and remark, when it hears that you are an aviator, "Young fellow, you're not going to die of old age!" But here are questions that I can answer readily, and with plenty of spirit; the great public opinion is molded like clay by its press—and consider the hostile attitude of that press!

Chief Pilot Gilpatric complains that every time an aviator is killed, irrespective of the circumstances surrounding the casualty, a complete list of the "Death Toll of the Air" is published; every time a flier smashes his running gear, and the word gets to the papers, he "has had a miraculous escape," no matter how trivial the accident. What is the matter with aviation? he quotes and retorts, "Use your wide influence to spread the gospel of national enthusiasm—boom us and boost us—start the government moving! Then, but not until then, will you see how little, given the backbone of finance, is the matter with us!"

But Pilot Gilpatric has omitted to note one important phase of the psychology of the American public. It is an intensely practical nation and will not invest nor yet grow enthusiastic over an industry in which spasmodic killing of its exponents is the chief

feature. To the Latin countries, notably France and Italy, there is greater appeal from the picturesque side of the experimentations. Volatile natures naturally are attracted toward a volatile profession and will back it where a colder-blooded constituency is apathetic. Once let aviation demonstrate its entire safety and practicability and capital galore will be forthcoming to establish it commercially. Just now a practical nation refuses to show ardent interest in so uncertain an undertaking as air-flying. Our people will flock to see speed maniacs risk their lives in a contest because the thrill is constant, but so few can wait for the lone aviator to turn turtle. If the public could be assured of prompt results it would be avid for aviation meets. Action, our people demand. The poetry of motion does not appeal so strongly to us. It is the spill that counts.

SULZER EITHER KNAVE OR FOOL

SARECKY'S amazing admissions that he, as Sulzer's campaign secretary, prepared the governor's affidavit of campaign receipts and expenses from memory, which the executive signed without examining, is tantamount to a confession of the governor's violation of the corrupt practices act. That many thousands of dollars were received by Sulzer and applied to the squaring of his personal indebtedness in Wall street and elsewhere is apparent from the testimony and that none of this diverted money was included in his affidavit is admitted.

What is hard to believe is the statement of the goat, Sarecky, that Sulzer, an old campaigner and a politician of long standing, had no knowledge of the contributions which he asserts he deposited and often deflected from campaign uses. It is a fishy tale and the impeachment court is likely to be as little impressed by it as is the general public, save as an admission of the guilt of the principal. If there were no crookedness then why were all the campaign records of receipts and expenditures destroyed, as Sarecky testified, as well as all cancelled checks and stubs connected with the case. Pressed by the court the wily secretary could remember receiving large contributions from brewers and liquor interests, but could not explain why only one of them was included in Sulzer's affidavit.

It is a revelation hardly calculated to assist the governor in disproving the principal counts in the articles of impeachment. No matter how perfidious and unscrupulous Tammany's course, the tainted record of Sulzer makes demand upon the court of impeachment to return a verdict wholly in accordance with the law and the facts. Tammany's case can be left to the people to settle at the polls. If Murphy's candidate for mayor of New York is endorsed it will indicate an apathetic public conscience almost inconceivable. With Sulzer deposed for cause and Tammany defeated politics in Gotham and the Empire state will present an encouraging exterior and give hopeful promise of a brighter future, politically, both for city and state.

STANFORD'S SCHOLARLY NEW "PREXY"

ADMONISHING his hearers, which included the trustees of Stanford University, that he will be 65 in July, 1915, the newly-installed president of Stanford, Dr. John Caspar Branner, in accepting the office recommended that he be retired at the end of that academic year. In spite of protests he said that it seemed to him wisest for the university to fix that limit to his tenure now, while he has the strength of mind to see what is best for Stanford and to set the limit before old age can fasten him on the university as an unproductive and unwelcome pensioner.

It takes courage of a high order to pronounce sentence of self-elimination just as one has attained the zenith of scholastic promotion. But Dr. Branner is a man of fine ideals and rich mental endowments. For more than twenty years he has been a member of the university faculty, serving with his old friend, Dr. David Starr Jordan, whom he has succeeded as head of the university. Having grown up with the institution President Branner states that he has no new policies to announce, no new theories of educa-

tion to try out, and no reforms to urge, all of which is an indirect tribute to his predecessor. Yet he modestly says, "As for following Chancellor Jordan's footsteps, I could not take his long strides if I would and in addition to that I find it difficult or impossible to do things just because some one else has done them. It never appeals to me as a sufficient reason. I believe in the reasonableness of most things as they are and, as I take no pleasures in sensations, you are likely to find me an unemotional university president."

Having stipulated that he is to retire at the end of two years President Branner promises to do all that human effort can accomplish to make Stanford University known for sane, sound and productive scholarship and those who have long known the brilliant professor of geology realize how well-fitted he is by nature and intellectual equipment to augment the excellent reputation Stanford now bears. To the alumni he promises no hounding of them for contributions. He denounces the practice and will not be a party to such a policy. Stanford is to be felicitated on the acquisition of so sane and sound a president. The institution founded by Senator Stanford is sure to attain still higher standards under so sensible and efficient a leader.

WHY COST OF LIVING SHOULD BE LOWER

AMUSING is the attitude of the standpat papers toward the new tariff. They seem resentful of the opportunity afforded consumers to buy articles of food, of clothing, of building material at a reduction from long-standing prices. Their solicitude for the tariff beneficiaries is out of all proportion to the disregard they show for the man-on-a-fixed salary. It is a curious bias, wholly unwarranted and founded largely on the prejudice of long-entertained, erroneous beliefs. The trouble with our standpat friends is their inability to see straight. They have acquired mental astigmatism through the strain of years in the effort to take in the Mark Hanna inspired doctrines of high "protection" benefits.

Why shouldn't the reduced tariffs lower the cost of living? The salaried man, the artisan, the head of the family finds food, clothing, shelter the great triune of expense. A high protective tariff has been enforced for upward of fifty years on the items coming under these three heads, for the purpose of allowing American manufacturers to control the home market by shutting out foreign competition; in addition, the big trusts have also managed to kill off competition from within. Mr. Wilson has told us that he is against this exclusiveness; he wants larger opportunities for all and in opening our markets by lowering the tariffs on materials the increased competition is bound to give the people lower prices. If the big manufacturers are forced to reduce their profits, they will, at least, do a larger business, for the people can afford to buy more if they pay less.

With free cattle, free beef, mutton, veal and pork, free wheat, free corn, free fish, salted and fresh, a big reduction in the duty on barley, a forty per cent cut on potatoes, a still greater reduction in duties on prunes, lemons, oranges—this makes the California growers wince, but the profits will still be attractive—the consumer is sure to be the gainer. In clothing, the reductions are even greater. In place of so much shoddy the purchaser should get a better grade of material at practically the same price, which, of course, is sound economy, since the woolen goods will far outlast the cheaper fabrics in point of wear. Woolen cloths are reduced by 69 per cent; stockings are cut from 94 per cent to 20 per cent; women's and children's dress goods have a 70 per cent reduction and blankets, carpets and cotton clothing are handsomely sliced.

So it goes, all along the line, with iron and steel, entering so largely into building operations, on the free list and machinery, tools, agricultural implements, wire, wire nails, hoopiron and similar staples substantially reduced, where they are not altogether free of duty. In spite of these sharp reductions it is not free trade that has been accomplished; there is still a measure of "protection," for Mr. Wilson prom-

ised to make only gradual changes. The standpat papers assert that by levying an income tax the effect remains the same, except that a redistribution of taxes will follow. Our reply is that the burden will be more equitably distributed; that the wealthier will now pay a fairer proportion of the taxes while the rank-and-file workers will find easement in the lower cost of living. Time will prove the correctness of this theory.

SENATOR WORKS SNIFFS DANGER

ALONE, among the California delegation, Senator Works opposes the Hetch-Hetchy measure so strenuously sought by San Francisco. Representative Church at one time could be counted as an opponent of the scheme to deflower the Yosemite, but his constituents in the San Joaquin valley having been placated Mr. Church has ceased his pulpit denunciations of the bill; in fact, he is now one of its ardent supporters. Senator Works was not in Washington when the bill was called up last Saturday, but he sent a telegram which should arouse that staunch irrigationist, Hon. Denver S. Church, to a sense of impending danger. He and his constituents may be flimflammed yet. The telegram of protest, in part, read:

I have satisfied myself that the Hetch-Hetchy bill should not pass without further investigation. Ninety-nine per cent of the water users in the irrigation districts are strongly opposed to it, and claim they were betrayed by those who consented to the compromise measure. They claim that thousands of acres of lands in the district and outside of it will be deprived of water to which they are entitled, and that they can show that this sacrifice of the best and most fertile lands in the state is not necessary in the interest of San Francisco.

On a point of no quorum consideration of the bill went over to a later day when, perhaps, Senator Smoot may arrive to make good his declaration that he would fight the bill so long as he could stand in his tracks, or words to that effect. It is now generally understood that it is power, not water, that San Francisco is after and that the federal government is to have an allowance of \$30,000 a year for the ceding of a water power that will be, when developed, worth upward of fifty millions of dollars. It is a repetition of the Los Angeles game. Water from the Owens river is merely an incident; the city does not need it and is puzzled how to dispose of it, but the power—ah! that's a different matter. The only trouble is that the city's finances are so strained that the added cost of power equipment is causing the taxpayers to wince with pain and to wonder why that \$23,000,000 did not suffice for all expenses as promised. It is nearer \$40,000,000 already.

SHAKESPEARE'S PRIOR INCARNATIONS

MONDAY morning's mail is always opened with a feeling of expectation. As a rule this state of mind is justified by the communications disclosed. The Sunday solace usually proves stimulating to novel proposals or suggestions or brings in its wake important news. Such an unfolding came with the receipt of a circular on "Shakespeare and Reincarnation" by Mr. Clarence M. Stark, not before encountered, who tips off for the benefit of posterity the great secret of Shakespeare's wonderful powers. It is now as clear as daylight. The Bard of Avon was Solomon; he designed the sphinx in Egypt; he was Dante; and Homer; and Joshua; and Benjamin. He was the author of seedtime and harvest, "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Winter's Tale."

With this reasonable explanation interest in Bacon's personality measurably diminishes. Just what his previous state of servitude may have been before he became lord chancellor of England and was removed from office for improper conduct matters little. At least, he was not Solomon, Dante, Homer, Joshua and Benjamin. As for Romeo and Juliet they were Adam and Eve; also Dante and Beatrice; Menelaus and Helen; Esau and Rachel. And Eve? She was Joan of Arc; and Mary, whom Jesus loved; and Ruth. Such a clearing up of the mists of antiquity! Hamlet, prince of Denmark, was none other than Julius Caesar or Brutus or Marc Antony. Kind Mr.

Stark seems a little uncertain which, although why he should be in doubt is strange. And one of the three named was Alexander the Great. Another was St. Paul; and King Saul; and Socrates; and King Ahasuerus; and Montezuma; and Job. What a Monday morning revealing as this!

Mr. Raving—we beg pardon, Mr. Stark—does not furnish any key with his reincarnation statistics, but his avowals are so quietly made, so surely presented, that we feel it were an insult to question the authority. Besides, the knowledge that Shakespeare had been Solomon, and Dante, and Homer, and Joshua and Benjamin must convince the Baconian adherents of the intellectual superiority of the Stratford butcher boy to the Baron Verulam. Where did the Bard of Avon gain that profound knowledge of human nature, that marvelous mind revealed in his works? Mr. Clarence M. Stark has lifted the veil.

LEGISLATION BY CAUCUS JUSTIFIED

TAKING advantage of the temporary absence of Minority Leader Mann, Sereno Payne of New York, jointly guilty with former Senator Aldrich of formulating a tariff bill alleged to be in the interest of consumers, rose in the house to scold the Democrats for their high-handed "legislation by caucus." He protested that it was not right, not fair to the house. He reminded the speaker (Mr. Moon, pro tempore) that the Constitution gives the house the authority to adopt rules for its guidance, "but," said he, "we are met here by a rule of the Democratic caucus that no committee of the house can report any bill to this house unless by permission of the Democratic caucus. . . Why, you used to hear a good deal in the old days about 'Cannonism' and 'Czarism' in the house, but we never have run up against any czar like the czar of the Democratic caucus."

Naturally, the Republican side of the house applauded vociferously. Then stood up Champ Clark of Missouri to remind the younger members—the older ones needed no coaching—that the custom of the pot calling the kettle black has never met with highest encomium in this country. Mr. Clark recalled to Mr. Payne that in the Fifty-fifth congress, of which both were members, Tom Reed, one of the greatest speakers, was in the chair. Under his iron-clad rule, neither the Republicans nor the Democrats were permitted to report out any bills. Speaker Reed would not even appoint the committees, and did not appoint them until the night the house adjourned sine die. At least, the Democrats have appointed committees, so that bills may be considered. Later, in the Sixty-first congress, at its first session, when Mr. Payne was the majority leader, Speaker Cannon did not appoint the committees of the house, and refused to appoint them until the day of adjournment. Why did the Republicans do that? asked Mr. Clark, who explained:

In these two congresses every sensible man in the United States knew that the Republicans were responsible to the country for the legislation in this house, and they know now that we are responsible to the country for the legislation in this house. Every student of government knows that in a country whose institutions are bottomed on suffrage the government will be a government by parties. It matters nothing whether we want it that way or not, that is the way it is. The history of England and the United States proves that beyond peradventure. Responsibility rests upon the majority, and we shrink not from acknowledging our responsibility to the country and of acting accordingly. Being responsible and having an ample majority we intend to place our ideas upon the statute books on the great questions now pressing for solution. While we invite help from Republicans and Progressives, we cannot, without shirking our duty to the country, permit them to spoil our bills.

Continuing, Mr. Clark stated that the Baltimore platform promised a multitude of things, ranging from those of minor importance to ones of great moment, and of the latter two principal pledges were to revise the tariff and to give the country a good currency system. As to the continual howl about legislation by caucus he regarded it as the most idiotic that has ascended to heaven within a generation. He asked Mr. Payne how it happened that he permitted the general debate—which does very little good—to run along for three weeks and then allowed

the Democrats only two days for debate under the five-minute rule. He added, "It was to 'persuade' enough Republicans to vote with him to agree to the special rule to go into the committee of the whole for the consideration of the bill. Said Mr. Clark:

Now let us see about caucus rule. We must have organization in order to enact the will of the people into law, and we have got it, and we have had it for the last three years. That is the reason why we are where we are now. Precisely. Until three years ago fights in this house were like battles between the militia and regulars. The Democrats were the militia fighting regulars; but now the boot is on the other foot, we are the regulars, we are the drilled men, we are organized, and the Republicans and Progressives are the disrupted militia. Do you know how many people it takes to hold a caucus? Two can hold a caucus as well as two hundred and ninety-odd Democrats can. Well, now, suppose you break up the caucus. You have had it—I understand you are in favor of open caucuses now, but you had them here sixteen years, a hog combine that no mortal man could break. You never suggested open caucuses then:

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

It was a neat rejoinder. History reveals that the Republicans have no right to complain, least of all the former belwether from New York. Mr. Payne protested that while the bill was open to debate his party did not get any amendments adopted. Mr. Clark grimly revealed the reason. Said he, "When you figure out a scheme by which one man can out-vote two and a half men, then you can get one of your amendments adopted on a Democratic tariff bill." The speaker of the house tells the truth when he says of the caucus rule that the people of the United States are more interested in results than in the methods by which those results are reached. A tree is judged by its fruits and if the tariff bill and the currency bill work to the welfare of the country the Democrats will get the credit; if the reverse, the party will suffer. That being true, Mr. Clark is right when he says the Democrats would be a pack of imbeciles, being responsible for the legislation in the house, not to formulate the legislation on great bills such as the two indicated.

POET KEMP'S PRIMARY BLUNDER

PROMPTLY upon arrival of the Oceanic at Southampton followed the arrest of the poet stowaway, Harry Kemp, erstwhile soul-mate of Meta Sinclair, divorced from Upton Sinclair of the "Jungle" fame. Kemp had confided to a friend prior to the sailing of the steamer from New York that he had neither passage money nor ticket in his pocket and that he was off as a first-cabin stowaway in search of adventure and a London publisher for his poems. His idea was to study Chinese in retirement until the Oceanic was far enough at sea to insure the continuance of his passage when he planned to reveal his plight to the captain and offer to read his ballads for berth and board.

Poets on shipboard are not so useful as stokers and it may be that Kemp was ushered below to feed the furnace fires instead of injecting caloric into his muse. Kemp, it will be recalled, is the author of the drama "Judas" reviewed in The Graphic recently. In it the author argues that Christ was not betrayed for money, but in order to force Him to exert His miraculous power by which to confound His persecutors and thus prove His divine origin; that Judas has been long maligned and misunderstood. Ingenious but hardly convincing. It is sad to think that the authorities at Southampton may lodge the poet-dramatist in jail on a misdemeanor charge while Loudon chafes for his promised advent.

But why London? John Davidson did not find it so kindly disposed to his poetry, nor yet did Ernest Dowson, while the fate of Chatterton is emblazoned on memory for all time. Perhaps, it was the lure of Alfred Noyes' great success that drew Kemp across the Atlantic. Alone, among modern poets, the Englishman is said to have earned a good living through his creations. Maschfield, doubtless, for the time being, is profiting handsomely by the product of his pen, but what of the myriad fledglings whose marketable stuff is accepted for pay in the ratio of about one poem to every two hundred offerings? Kemp

should rather have taken pattern after Austin Dobson whose income for years was assured by a civil service position which permitted his Pegasus to have a full feed of oats three times a day, with the result that it labored cannily, as every admirer of Dobson's poems must admit. If Kemp would abandon the idea that the writing of poetry is a profession, to be followed assiduously and exclusively, and regard it as an avocation merely he might yet reach great heights on a well-nourished body. Stoking on a passenger steamer is not conducive to poetry unless, indeed, one can capitalize his experience and contrive a great epic from the bowels of the ship.

MURDOCK'S CLEVER BADINAGE

WHILE the tariff is no longer a live issue in Congress there were many incidents in connection with the closing hours of the debate that seem to be too good to ignore. The sarcasms of Sereno Payne, the urbanities of Mr. Underwood and the scintillations of Mr. Murdock make delicious reading in the Congressional Record, even if the esteemed Riverside Press does lugubriously contend to the contrary. The fact is the Record is a much maligned publication; we have passed many delightful hours in its company and have for it the highest regard. What could be more refreshing, for instance, than Mr. Murdock, replying to the jeremiads of Mr. Payne? The gentleman from Wichita was never more effervescent. Here is a taste of his oratory:

Mr. Speaker, judging from the remarks of the gentleman from New York [Mr. Payne], I fear that he is against this bill. [Laughter.] One of the tragedies connected with retirement from this body must be the reflection that, once away from here, one would not have the opportunity to hear the gentleman from New York [Mr. Payne] ejaculate eruptively, spontaneously, irrelevantly, grandiloquently, "\$2,500,000,000," followed by applause on the Republican side. [Laughter.] He says that he successfully explained to the people of his district that the Payne-Aldrich bill was a revision downward; but he never explained it successfully to the house of representatives at the time of its passage, for the special rules and closures of various kinds would not let him. Now, Mr. Speaker, September 11 you appointed me a conferee on the tariff bill, and I am now prepared to make my report. [Laughter.] To be chosen as a conferee on a tariff bill is an imposing honor; it is, indeed, a rare distinction.

Few men reach this high estate. Out of 10,000 congressmen who since the beginning of this government have descended here, burned their brilliant hour, and departed, hardly 100 have ever been conferees on a tariff bill. I am moved momentarily by the almost tragic reflection that out of the two hundred and odd congressmen whom I now address, scarce a score by any manner of accident can ever be conferees upon a tariff bill. And yet, Mr. Speaker, I have to report to you that things are not what they seem. [Laughter.] I have heard all my life of the helplessness of a bound boy at a husking bee. Now, I was born and reared in an agricultural country, but I never saw a bound boy at a husking bee, though I can imagine, Mr. Speaker, that a bound boy at a husking bee is a perfect cyclone of activity compared with a minority conferee on a tariff bill. [Laughter.] The majority members—the Democratic members—of the conference met inside the room of the committee on finance of the senate. That room may not be entirely familiar to this membership. It is in the north wing of the capitol, on the first floor, senate end. Outside of that finance committee room there is a riot of mural ornamentation. However chastely white the corridors of the capitol may be elsewhere, here there is elaborate decoration and vivid frescoes, with peaceful farm scenes between, and figures of rakes and hoes and walking plows and other tokens of our primitive and pastoral beginnings. The function of the finance committee in the senate is taxation, and over one arch in the corridor is the legend, "Esto perpetuo." I asked the janitor what it was, and he said it meant, "Let it be perpetual." [Laughter.] Over the portal of the finance committee room itself is a neglected portrait of Benjamin Franklin with one eye gone, the other glassy with time, arrayed in a pair of yellow plush breeches in a state of spotty and scaly decline. [Laughter.]

In those surroundings I watched from day to day the proceedings as nearly as I might. I was not offended, Mr. Speaker, at my exclusion, but I was outraged, in a sense, at the hurt it meant to that new-found champion of the open caucus, the gentleman from New York [Mr. Payne]. [Applause and laughter.] Outside the committee room in these brilliant corridors, there gathered through those long laborious days little groups of men huddled together and constantly whispering—whispering of burlaps and bagging and bran and barley and lemons and limestone and what-not specific and what-you-may-call-it ad valorem. For the most part, as I observed, they were sullen men and morose, disconsolate, and empty of hope. That was

the lobby; whether "insidious" or not, I am unable to say; but it remained there the livelong day, week in and week out. And never ceased to whisper but once, and that was when the portentous procession of tariff tinkers passed in and out. [Laughter.] The suave Alabamian [Mr. Underwood], placid ever, urbane even in attack, tender even in his tyrannies; the smiling North Carolinian [Mr. Kitchin], of infinite jest, a statesman yet unwrecked by his humor, and a partisan to the last ripple of his taunting laughter; the rotund Rainey, Roman in face and in figure, braced mentally against all the shifting partisan winds of his native Illinois; and the studious, silent gentleman from Indiana [Mr. Dixon], hungry for contest, these four and four United States senators who, under the rules, are all inviolate and immune to my description, these, each of them a Democrat and partisans all.

These eight men made this tariff. The 676 controverted items in this tariff are in fact the tariff, and those men drafted them ultimately. It is true that at the conclusion of their weeks of labor they invited in the minority conferees. This was September 29. I went along meekly with my friend from New York [Mr. Payne] and the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Fordney], but the proceedings in that one conference, that "full and free conference," when all the conferees were present, were pathetically perfunctory. I took out my watch and kept time on the adoption of the conference report, and by the watch it took just seven minutes to dispose of it. [Laughter.] That is, this great bill, which began in secret, ended in secret, and there was not one moment in its long career when any jot or tittle of it was changed in the open.

Good natured, keen, clever scintillant railery. It carries one back to the days when "Sunset" Cox was wont to set the house in roars of laughter or when that master of satire, the Hon. J. Proctor Knott, was recognized by the speaker. Murdock's wit and humor are as a tonic to the house. His ebullitions at a time the nerves of the members are frazzled are as good as muriate of quinine to a depressed organism. How he happens to be in the Bull Moose company is a marvel; that party is nothing if not serious and reformatory and extremely disdainful of the unregenerate in the other parties. Perhaps, he will leaven the lump one of these days.

PLAINT OF CURRENCY COMMITTEE

THERE is a strong basis of justice in the protest voiced by the currency committee of the American Bankers' Association, in session at Boston, to certain features of the administration currency bill, and we fully agree that the plan formulated by the National Monetary Commission was, in many respects, superior to the Glass-Owen bill. But the Aldrich measure is impossible of achievement while the Democratic reform is not only possible but imminent. If the framers will not recede from their position is it not better to accept what they have to offer at this time and trust to the future for such amendments as experience may suggest as imperative?

Chief of the obnoxious clauses is that compelling banks to subscribe to the federal reserve banks an amount equal to twenty per cent of their capital, to be paid one-half at once, the other half subject to call. In the composition of the reserve board the subscribers are given no voice and their stock certificates are to draw only five per cent interest, if earned, as a maximum. The argument is made that if the government can appropriate one-tenth of a bank's capital one year, it may continue the process until the government has appropriated the entire capital. Equally arbitrary is the manner of fixing the compensation; it may be five per cent this year, but dwindle off to nothing later is the contention, a form of socialism not especially attractive to the banking fraternity having no sympathy in Socialistic doctrines.

This has been a stumbling block from the outset, but since the Democrats are determined on government control of the currency system the protestants will, perforce, have to accept or relinquish their national banking charters. It is coercion in a degree, but whether unconstitutional or not is a question for the highest court to determine. Certainly, the federal reserve board might admit a minority representation of bankers without in anywise ceding control. We hope to see a senate amendment adopted along this line and incorporated in the bill. It will placate much of the present opposition and is only just to the capital invested.

Death and the Trollop--Another Irish Epic--By Randolph Bartlett

JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE'S "Riders to the Sea" has come to be recognized as the great dramatic epic of death. Chaste and simple, it is a noble picture of the mortal facing the inevitable with a grief so pure that it is transcendental, so humble that it is regal. One feels that death cannot always be attended by such lofty inspiration. There are circumstances often in which it is sordid, material, seemingly unrelated to the higher destiny of man, but merely the disintegration of a worthless existence into its original clay which could not be more worthless, and which seems to give but little promise of eventual redemption. Yet is there such a thing as this after all? Can even the most sordid death fail to be touched with something of the mystery of life? This is the question that Joseph Campbell propounds in his two-act Irish drama, "Judgment," a transcription of life scarcely less impressive than the Synge epic itself. But while Synge's drama is direct and plain, Campbell's, dealing as it does with the antithesis of the Synge proposition, is subtle and often elusive, a natural condition enough, as realized by the author, who says in a foreword: "It is a study in suggestion rather than statement. Art is concerned little with dogma, but much with the verities that are mysteries, and that always will remain mysteries, label them how we may." It has no real beginning, and less ending, being a segment of the eternal circle, its motive coming out of the void and returning thereto, giving a glimpse, in passing, of the souls of common folk under great stress.

Owen Ban is a poor weaver, but a superior sort of man who is not easily depressed by conditions. He is a philosopher, knowing something of books and still more of life, and with a mind ever open to let in new wisdom. His young wife, Nabla, soon to become a mother, is nervous, self-centered and, partly owing to her condition, inclined to hysteria on slight provocation. The play opens in their cabin, Nabla nagging at Owen to quit work for the night while he insists that he must finish the cloth, as he has promised it. With his quiet talk Owen soothes his wife and goes on with his task, and they talk of the child that is to be, the weaver saying: "It's a strange thing, birth, and it's a strange thing, death. Birth's one thread in the frame, and death's the thread that crosses it." It is a touch of prophecy, the keynote of the play. "In the midst of life we are in death" the piece keeps saying over and over, though only this once in so many words, but the message is not merely a reminder of the uncertainty of life. It is rather the suggestion that men should withhold judgment of one another since death, the great leveler, is so imminent, and exalts and humbles in his own inexorable way. This, however, as "suggestion rather than statement."

As the couple sit talking there come two callers, John Gilla Carr, a middle-aged man, type of the substantial artisan, and Parry Cam, an active oracle of ninety or thereabouts, opinionated, gossipy, who closes even his most commonplace remarks with a triumphant, "And now where are ye?" as one who has exhausted the subject in hand, whether description or argument. The rambling talk touches upon a band of tinkers who have come to the neighborhood for the approaching fair, and the disgraceful conduct of "Peg Straw, the light woman" who, intoxicated and noisy, was being hounded by the children of the village. Words of pity are voiced by Owen, to which John and Nabla reply with scorn for "the bad woman," but Parry recalls that she was not always as she is now. He remembers her as "a fresh, comely girl . . . but she made a slip, God help her, she made a slip--and with one thing and another she lost respect of herself and she went to the bad." Even her real name is now forgotten, Peg Straw having been substituted for it when she seemingly lost her wits and acquired the habit of going about the roads picking up bits of weeds and straw and carrying little bundles of them about with her aimlessly.

They are still talking of her when a neighbor, Kate Kinsella, arrives, with the news that the tinkers are holding riotous carnival in a camp in the glen near her home, until she was frightened, and is now on her way to pass the night with a friend near by. She has heard the screeching of a woman, and believes the drunken crew is murdering Peg Straw. Owen impulsively, is for going to her aid, but John advises against it. The tinkers are a score in number, mad with liquor, and the man who interferes with them need expect no mercy. Nabla adds her appeal not to be deserted, and so Owen reluctantly submits, hoping that it is not so bad as Kate fears. Nabla rebukes Owen for his uneasiness about the woman, to which he replies characteristically, "It's an old saying and a true saying, that every shuiler is Christ." A moaning is heard, coming nearer until it is just

outside the door. Owen opens and "a heap of rags crawls in, lamenting loudly." Peg Straw, barely able to drag herself along, blood streaming over her face, is seeking shelter.

NABLA: (Scrutinizing her) It's Peg Straw! Don't let that creature over the door. (Hysterically) She'd bring a curse on us, Owen . . . a curse . . . and our first child going to be born.

Owen: Easy, woman, easy . . . easy. Quiet yourself. (To Peg) What's on you, at all? (She moans) Fetch water, Nabla. This woman's in a bad way. Look at the blood.

NABLA: I turned her from my door this very morning. I know what she is, and I won't have her in the house.

Owen: Don't you see she's hurt? Fetch that water, I tell you.

NABLA: I won't fetch it, and I won't have her here hurt, or no hurt. She's a bad woman, and you know it.

Owen: Do I? (Firmly) But she'll stay now that she's come to us.

NABLA: Well, it's a queer thing--a stroller to be coming in here. A stroller of the roads, and me a housekeeping woman.

Owen: Bad as she is we must help her. We couldn't turn her out in that state. Fetch the water, I tell you. We'll help her, if she's to die in our hands.

NABLA: (Stubbornly) I won't fetch it.

Owen: You won't fetch it?

NABLA: I've told you I won't.

Owen: (Bullying her) Hell's flames, I'll make you fetch it! (His face becomes deadly white) Where is it? Where's the water-crock?

NABLA: You'd threaten me, and me not well? (She works herself into a paroxysm, half screams, half tears.)

Owen: Where is it? It was on that shelf this morning. (He searches about for the water-crock, upsetting the noggin of half mouldy "dressings" and swearing violently) The way things are kept in this house would put bees off their journey!

NABLA: I laid it out of my hand there just before I sat down.

Owen: You're a saint to judge anybody! You're a pattern surely! (He is on the verge of striking her when he recovers himself. His neck drops as if paralyzed, his voice is broken.) No, no, I couldn't, Nabla . . . I couldn't . . . God forgive me!

After this outburst Nabla regains control of herself and sets about to do Owen's bidding, only protesting a little against using a strip of cloth that was for the baby's garment, to bathe the wounds on the woman's head, but gradually bringing herself to tender aid to the suffering wretch. Owen decides he must go for the priest and the police, and quieting his wife's fears, departs. The door has hardly closed upon him when the moaning from the heap on the floor grows fainter, and ceases. Nabla gives a little cry "that suggests two mysteries." Death and life have come hand in hand to the cabin, even as the weaver had said: "Birth's one thread in the frame, and Death's the thread that crosses it."

To days elapse, and the second act takes place at the house of Kate Kinsella, where the wake is being held for Peg Straw. A score or so of men sit in the kitchen while women in the room beyond can be heard saying the rosary about the corpse, around which tall white candles are burning. The inquest has been held and Owen praised for his actions by the coroner. Nabla's child was born a few hours after the death of Peg Straw, and so the cabin is no place for a wake, and Kate offered her house for the purpose. The men sympathize with Owen in his multiplicity of trouble, but he maintains his philosophical outlook. "God's not too hard on a body. There's nothing bad that mightn't be worse," he declares, and goes on to tell how Toal a-Groarty, a well-to-do man who has a reputation for being inordinately grasping, has undertaken to furnish a coffin and pay the expenses of Peg Straw's burial.

As the talk progresses desultorily there enters a stranger, obviously "a tramping man," loud of voice and bibulous. Contrary to the vulgar idea of a wake, there has been no drinking going on, and when the stranger produces a bottle, from which he already has imbibed too freely, he is rebuked with the information that the women are praying over the corpse. "It'll take a deal of praying to whitewash her" the stranger sneers, and while this might have been the remark of any of those present while Peg Straw was still living, the idea now revolts them, and the quarrel is on. The more violent of those present are for ejecting the intruder, but Owen and others restore quiet and the stranger subsides temporarily after consoling himself with a maudlin street song.

In the calm which follows, the aged Parry, who alone of those present knew Peg Straw when she was young, recalls the story of her downfall. There

was a child, he says, but it disappeared, and the prevalent opinion at the time, though unsupported by evidence, was that the woman had drowned her offspring. Hearing this the stranger again becomes violent. Swearing horribly, chanting a line of his song, taunting Parry, he infuriates the gathering. Several men seize him and a scuffle ensues, until the stranger shouts out that he himself is the child of Peg Straw, the child Parry has accused her of having murdered. He swears it with right hand raised, "that the God in heaven may strike me dead if I'm not that woman's son!"

In the tense silence which follows, Father John, the parish priest, enters. He is a masterful, strong man of sixty-five. The stranger is awed by his presence, and shuffles out, but, as he goes, bawls out a reiteration of his claim that he is the dead's woman's son. The play moves swiftly to its solemn conclusion:

FR. JOHN: (After a pause, to Owen) Who is that man is just gone out?

Owen: He said he was her son, Father.

FR. JOHN: Her son?

Owen: Her son, Father.

FR. JOHN: (Reflectively) Ah. He said no more than that?

Owen: No, Father. (With a certain awkwardness.) Well, he hinted as much as that he was the child everybody said she had done away with, and it only a young helpless thing at the breast.

FR. JOHN: This was common talk in the parish?

Owen: It was, Father, and beyond it.

FR. JOHN: You believed it?

Owen: It's an old story. It's been talked about as long as I mind. Parry will tell you.

PARRY: It may be true, and it may not be. There's no knowing.

Owen: I'm thinking of what you said at the Month's Mind at the Cross a' Monday.

FR. JOHN: What was that?

Owen: That it's not for us to have a bad word of anybody. You're always saying it, Father.

FR. JOHN: (To himself) "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man be justified."

Owen: It's queer the way things have happened with me.

FR. JOHN: God has His own way and His own time. (To the man) You know nothing of that man, any of you?

Owen: Peter MacManus might know, maybe. You were saying Peter . . .

PETER: (Not too sure of himself) Well, I wouldn't swear to it, Father, but I think he was a farmhand for a spell down at Ewart's. I've seen him somewhere, I know.

PARRY: You know nothing.

PETER: I'm an ignorant man, Father.

FR. JOHN: We're all ignorant--all. . . . It's a strange end. The hidden things of His wisdom God makes plain to us. (He would say more, but stops.) No, nothing is plain . . . Clouds are about us. . . . We pry and dream; the mystery remains dark. (He faces the room door, goes forward a step, and stretching out his arm speaks as if to the dead woman) "Woman, where are these thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee." (Owen Ban kneels down. All the people drop to their knees.) We will say the Prayers for the Dead. . . .

"Suggestion rather than statement" surely. Compared with it the Maeterlinck dramas dealing directly with death, "Home," "The Blind," "The Intruder," are mere leaves from an undertaker's ledger. It is a tragedy in homespun, but it is more. How much more depends entirely upon the imagination of the reader, upon his own conceptions of life and death, his own analysis of sin and retribution.

("Judgment," by Joseph Campbell. Maunsell & Co., Dublin.)

GRAPHITES

Mrs. Rebecca Gay's brutal murderer has confessed. Now, all together, you anti-capital punishment advocates for a commutation of the misguided colored gentleman's sentence in the event that he is found guilty in the first degree.

Up in San Francisco a tortured saloonkeeper found a sure cure for acute rheumatism by shooting himself through the head. Let us hope he has not attained other ills that he knew not of.

Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., is following his daddy's lead. He is a tentative candidate for the Progressive nomination to congress from the Twentieth New York district. Train up a child in the way he should go.

How absurd! Instead of fighting, Turkey and Greece are going to arbitrate their differences. Almost human, isn't it?

NEW PLAYS BY BARRIE AND GALSWORTHY

WOMAN is the live topic in London. If you go to the park on Sunday, you will hear the suffragettes; if you go to lunch at the Savoy, your host will discuss the American woman and her contrast to the English woman; if you go to the theater it is the heroine, not the hero, you will laugh or cry over, adore or pity. Barrie's new play, "The Adored One," is, of course, named from a woman, and Galsworthy's "Fugitive," too, is feminine. No two plays could be more unlike than these. Barrie has only one purpose, to amuse; Galsworthy, to show life. Does each succeed in his purpose? Certain it is that nothing of either man's purpose is to be found in either man's play. There is nothing of life in Sir James Barrie's "Adored One," and nothing amusing in Galsworthy's "Fugitive."

First, for the comedy. After the final curtain, the first night, there was not only a pitifully weak effort at applause, but there was the dreaded sound of hissing. On all sides one heard remarks such as "Is this funny?" "Barrie's mad!" "What manner of Barrie is this!" There was no doubt that the audience had been bored. Why shouldn't it be? The story of a woman who pushes a man out of a railroad train and kills him because he wished a window open, when the "Adored One's" little girl had a cold, is not particularly funny. Perhaps, the greatest disappointment was because the first act promised so much. A man is asked to a dinner and upon arriving early questions his host about the expected guests. He is told to expect a suffragette, a woman with a sense of humor, one who has none, a woman whose sole interest in life is her children, and a woman who has committed murder. One woman arrives, Leanora, the "Adored One." He tries to discover which of the ones this is, only to find as dinner is announced, that she is the only one invited. Leanora is all types in one.

It is an amusing play, quite in Barrie's usual style, and if the play had ended here, it might have been another added to his list of splendid one acts. But he was not content. (Perhaps, however, it was the manager who was not content.) At any rate, there followed two acts of silliness, showing the "Adored" Leanora at old Bailey under trial for murder. Nothing happens except that Leanora wins the judge, jury, and lawyers by her fascinating ways. The lawyer proposes to her in court, the jurors ask to have her in the room with them when they make their decision, and the judge ends the play with a pretty little speech about Leanora being a legend. Since the first night I understand the last two acts have been made into one. This might help, but there seems little excuse for it anyway, even when it is so perfectly acted by a company with Sir John Hare and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the leading parts.

I have heard it said that it is a burlesque on the London courts,—others say it is a travesty on the English mother, but most critics say it is a bore. Who cares what it is since it is not amusing?

I can imagine no stronger argument for woman's economic independence than Mr. Galsworthy's latest play, "The Fugitive." Yet there is not one didactic note in it. He paints his picture truly and without prejudice. As he showed the tragedy in "Strife" resulting from the weakness of both parties, so in this play we have the tragedy resulting from the conflict in Clare's character. Her friend says of her, "You're too fine and not fine enough." She says of herself, "I couldn't be a saint and I wouldn't be a soulless doll. Neither one thing nor the other, that's the tragedy." That, also, is the strength of the play, for, after all, most of us are not saints.

We see Clare first in her dull husband's home, surrounded by dull people. The Dedmonds have been married five years. They have cared nothing for each other for the last four years. Clare has come to feel the claims of a man she does not love, intolerable. It is one of the strong points in the play, that though Clare has not loved her husband in four years, she does not revolt until another man urges her to freedom. This other man is a Malise, a sort of vagabond journalist, idealist and thinker, who sees things clearly even though, as Dedmond says, he does not know how to dress. Clare begs her husband to let her go, to divorce her, and set her free. But Dedmond's god is Respectability and he cannot have his name disgraced. You understand his refusal, for he has no conception of Clare's position. He argues that hundreds of couples have been as uncongenial as they and yet have not separated. Clare answers, "Yes, thousands." But Clare is too strong to be one of these thousands. Without money and without means of livelihood, she leaves her husband.

In the second act, Clare comes to Malise's flat for advice. She is followed by detectives and her father and mother-in-law, and the family solicitor. The latter puts the man of the world standpoint very clearly. He says, "What's open to you if you don't go back? As you haven't money, you shouldn't have been pretty. You're up against the world, and you'll

get no mercy from it." But in no circumstances will Clare accept Dedmond's money. Until the bitter end she will only take, when she gives. Her husband comes and threatens. (This is one place when the character drawing seems at fault, for Dedmond has up to this point been stupid and dull, but he is much too well bred to be so brutal. He really hasn't the energy to be mean.) Finally, Clare pulls off her hat and throws it on Malise's table, commanding her husband to go.

Left together, Malise and Clare face the situation. He loves her and understands her position, but she does not return his love so he lets her go, understanding the difficulties she is facing and that she has become a "Fugitive." After three months, Clare returns to Malise. Her life as a shop girl has been hateful and her old friends have at last hunted her down. She has found that she loves Malise and this time she has come to stay.

It would not be Galsworthy if we were left to think these two could be happy. Malise is a valuable and sympathetic friend but he is not the kind to make a woman happy. Dedmond has determined to ruin him unless Clare will leave him. This she does, though she still loves him and it is her unselfishness which prompts her.

In the last act, we meet Clare in a restaurant, drifting into the profession in which her prettiness will serve her well. But her courage is not entirely gone, and she saves herself by suicide. It was not inevitable, but it shows the cruelty of society and the need of a woman having a means of livelihood.

WILLAMENE WILKES.

London, September 20, 1913.

GOOD SEASON FOR GOTHAM MUSIC LOVERS

At last, the Century Theater, once the New Theater, and now the Century Opera House, seems to have come into its own and to be about to take a position among the amusement places of New York, for which there appears to be a distinct need. We have had opera for the delectation of those who have the money to pay for luxuries for a longer or shorter season every year at exorbitant prices, and we have had cheaper opera in various tongues that has been indiscriminating, noisy, ill-balanced, inadequate and never successful for very long. The promoters of the present scheme are taking stock of the fact that there are many music lovers in New York who cannot afford to pay for the prestige of the singers who appear at the Metropolitan and yet who love music and have sufficient knowledge of good music, of good singing and of adequate production to appreciate operas presented as it is possible to present them in that beautifully equipped house. The project is backed by sufficient money to make attainment of an ideal a possibility and it is proposed to have good operas presented, for the most part in English, by a capable company composed not of high-priced stars but of good singers. The opening bill was Aida.

* * *

If it is possible to predict anything from a first performance then it would seem that the scheme will undoubtedly be successful. The question is, will a public that is always avid after anything new or that seems to be new, continue to give its support to the enterprise after the first novelty has worn off. The first night the auditorium was crowded and there was abundant applause that sounded spontaneous and appreciative of the fact that the performance had many excellencies and was on the whole better than many that have been given of Aida in New York at several times the price asked. There is no question that the patrons of the performance received their money's worth, both those who sat in the two-dollar seats as well as those who viewed the stage from the twenty-five cent eyrie. There are, doubtless, criticisms which might be made. There were moments when full dramatic scenes and many strong effects which could hardly fail to make themselves felt in this opera so full of dramatic possibilities. The singers are more or less unknown in this country, but many of them have a foreign reputation. There is no domination by stars and that is an excellent thing, as their absence will no doubt make for a better ensemble. Aida was sung by Miss Elizabeth Amsden, Miss Howard sang Amneris, Mr. Kingston Rhadames, and Mr. Kreidler Amonasro. They have exceedingly good voices and in the next thirty-five weeks will have ample opportunity to impress their powers upon the public.

* * *

It is, of course, difficult in any such undertaking to achieve perfection or anything even approaching perfection with such an organization in a moment. It will take several performances and freedom from the self-consciousness of a first performance to bring about excellence of ensemble playing and to give the singers confidence in their powers. A serious effort to bring out the English words was made by the singers and the size and acoustic qualities of the house, which seem better than ever before, empha-

sized the novelty and made it possible for those unfamiliar with the story to follow it. The public is in a mood to make allowances for difficulties of beginning and the chances are that this attitude of goodwill and hopefulness will continue, for many people realize that if the Century Opera can be made a permanent feature of New York life it will add materially to the worth-while things in the city and perhaps do something for the development of lyric drama. If a production can hold its own in September the chances are that it will continue to do so through the year. Though it is decidedly in the nature of an experiment to expect paying audiences to continue to support for an entire year an opera that demands both concentration of mind and love of music.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, October 6, 1913.

Of Such Stuff Panics Are Made

There are various ways of injuring one's competitor. An effective method is to malign him—or make suggestions that cause others to do so. In the end it may miss the object, but until people find out the falsity of the statements and the animosity behind them, the trusting public may be fooled. This was seen in the elaborate attempts to spread false impressions concerning the Los Angeles Investment Company, a month or so ago. Brokers called up stockholders and advised them to sell their stock at once, for what it would bring; letters were mailed to the same effect. Men were paid to go from house to house announcing that the company had failed and was in the hands of a receiver. And last and most laughable, I am informed that a man on horseback rode along a certain residence street clad in darkness and a megaphone, calling out, "The Los Angeles Investment Company has failed. Sell your stock at once for whatever you can get for it." Tactics of stock brokers in keeping a low quotation on the board of the stock exchange are well known and have little deleterious effect, but the methods disclosed were well calculated to unsettle the minds of the unsophisticated holders of stock, until they called at the offices of the company and found business going on uninterruptedly. No company or bank can guard against such manipulation of rumor. The originators of these tales carefully hide behind anonymity and escape the criminal prosecution they so richly deserve. I congratulate Charley Elder on maintaining a fine poise amid the arrows and slings and predict that the whole affair will in the end accrue to the credit of his company.

GRAPHICALITIES

Rev. Baker P. Lee of Los Angeles advocates the establishment of a moral leper colony on a Pacific island, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." But who are to be the leper inspectors?

Bill Norris, able seaman aboard the good ship Claremont, lying in San Francisco bay, was so fond of jam that he stole a jar from the pantry. He was detected by the Bertillon system. That is, his jammy fingers revealed his guilt.

It is a curious circumstance that in times of world-championship matches nothing else seems to happen. The wires carry little but baseball stuff these days and next morning papers seem to have nothing on their post-meridian contemporaries.

At the November city election in San Francisco, good morals are to be endangered by the presence of at least one woman judge in every booth. What is it the poet says:

O, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: We had been brutes without you.

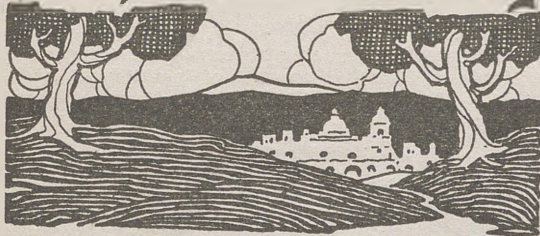
That Santa Monica thief who stole several photographic works of art and a camera from Mode Wine-man showed discriminative taste. Diamonds worth \$4000 and \$1000 in cash also were taken, but we trust not from Mode. Still it was robbery a la mode.

Nice pleasant companions the English militant suffragists continue to prove themselves. In revenge for Annie Kenney's arrest they have burned two more expensive houses at Bedford. There used to be a famous insane asylum located there. It is where they ought to stay.

Orange county is debating closing its highways to auto racing in the projected Phoenix road race next month. There should be no hesitation on the part of the supervisors. The only way to stop the speed maniacs is by denying them admission to highways that are for the use of all the people.

What ails California north of the Tehachapi? Such a grim list of murders and suicides in a given twenty-four hours was never before noted. At this end of the state our people hate to let go at the hundred year mark. Most of the "sudden deaths" down here, self-inflicted, are despondents from the north.

By the Way



Glorious Outing of the Lemoyne Willses

Dr. William LeMoyne Wills and his charming wife are back from a three weeks' outing by automobile in which time they rambled by easy stages north as far as Sacramento, visiting out-of-the-way places, stopping wherever night overtook them and returning via Mono Lake and the aqueduct route. At Mono they renewed acquaintance with old friends formed on a previous visit of five years ago. Their camping outfit was ingeniously arranged by the doctor and their sturdy Franklin car met all requirements. It crossed elevations at 10,000 feet without showing signs of distress and accomplished 1285 miles without a hitch. Coming down the valley their nights sleeping out on the desert were among the most enjoyable of their experiences. Their guest throughout the trip was Miss Belle McDonald who proved a capital campaigner.

Press Club in the Doldrums

When the latest Press Club was organized I was rebuked by a few of my newspaper friends for not greeting it with enthusiasm, but the position I took then has been justified. I said that it was difficult to see why newspaper men should have a club which they admittedly could not support, but which could exist only through going about, hat in hand, seeking donations from laymen in the form of "associate memberships." Not even the prestige of the Secretary Daniels banquet had the necessary effect, and unscrupulous persons took advantage of the journalistic mendacity to obtain subscriptions which they never turned in at headquarters. For the sake of his wife, as well as of the young man himself, I hope Harry Gray will be able to explain his apparent delinquency in this respect, but, meanwhile, it appears that the only means by which the organization could hope to survive, has proved a boomerang, and has "spilled the beans." I hear that the Woman's Press Club which has enjoyed a continuous existence for fifteen years, paying its bills promptly, has been poking sly fun at the many attempts of the male contingent to establish a club.

Edition Showing a Subtraction

To those persons who delight in the difficult, I would suggest endeavoring to obtain a copy of the first edition of the Express of last Monday. I have tried without success, and have been informed that the realization is well nigh impossible. This edition contained the semi-annual circulation statement of the paper, and the average figure for the six months was given as 48,000 daily, or thereabouts, while the statement for the previous six months was approximately an average of 54,000 daily. I am informed that the number of copies of the first edition—the noon extra—last Monday, giving these figures, was unusually small, and that its circulation was purely perfunctory, not to say surreptitious. As a falling off of 6,000 in the average for six months logically means that the last part of that period must be about 12,000 below the first, the Express circulation now would be about 42,000. The Herald having established itself upon the comfortable basis of the vicinity of 100,000 daily, through its Maxim gun system of extras, the comparison must be decidedly odious in the neighborhood of Seventh and Hill streets. In any event, it would be interesting to try to obtain a copy of the edition which shows the subtraction. In all justice, however, I maintain that the Express quality of circulation is compensatory.

No Mere Press Agent Affair

Usually, when an actor figures in a first page story in the newspapers, there is a nimble-witted agent back of the incident. There was nothing of the sort in the action of Franklin Underwood, the Morosco Theater director, when he swore out a warrant for disturbing the peace against Mrs. Alice Price Logan, who, he averred, was persecuting him with attentions. It was bad enough in Oakland, he said, but when she followed him to Los Angeles and resumed her attentions it was more than he could stand. To which the lady mildly responded, admitting her attachment, but declaring that the police complaint had proved to her that her "idol's feet were clay" and had furnished a heroic but permanent cure. To

which I would submit, that a careful scrutiny of idols will invariably establish the fact that much base matter is to be found in their make-up, and unless one is prepared to take his or her idol with all its faults, it should never be set up at all. The worship of mundane things or creatures is an idle business.

How the Times Do Change

I was interested in the announcement of the engagement of a popular young woman, which was made this week, as it reminded me strongly of the progress the sex is making toward independence these days. I have seen, in the course of the last few years, at least two other announcements of the betrothal of this charming miss, who is still quite young. It is not so many years ago that the breach of an announced engagement would be sufficient to exile a young woman from society for life. Now the young woman marries or not, as she pleases, regardless of promises, realizing that a broken pledge is much preferable to a broken life. Girls who fail to keep faith in such cases should not be rebuked. In many instances the feminine heart is impulsive, sympathetic, and in congenial environment the "Yes" comes easily. The more honor to the girl who has the courage to change her mind, when she knows the marriage can only end disastrously.

Prohibition and the Progressives

It appears that the Progressives are making a hard fight to prevent the prohibition question from becoming a factor in the next state campaign. In this connection an interesting situation developed at the Methodist conference at Long Beach. The laymen's organization had a meeting Friday, Lieutenant-Governor Wallace in the chair, and after a debate, in which the chair frequently "recognized" Frank S. Wallace, decided that the time was not opportune for a movement to make California dry. Certain strenuous advocates of prohibition in the meeting complained that they found it impossible to get the eye of the chair, to reply to the arguments of the chair's brother. However, they had their inning next day at the general session of the conference, for with the aid of the ministerial brethren, they succeeded in reversing the action of the laymen, and the Methodists declared themselves for a prohibition campaign right away. The Progressives have enough troubles on their hands without being saddled with this one, and as prohibition naturally belongs in the same category as the majority of the paper reforms of the Bull Moose party, it will be difficult for the organization to side-step, and to do so will result in a serious defection from the ranks. Hitched to a water wagon the Bull Moose would be under a heavy handicap.

H. O. Makes a Bad Break

Apropos the conference, I desire to say that my remark of last week to the effect that Managing Editor Hoskins of the Tribune has a fine faculty for dodging trouble, is subject to revision downward if that paper makes any more such breaks as last Tuesday, when the deliberations of the Methodist brethren were reported in the sporting section.

Where Is the Anti-Hanging Movement?

With the epidemic of murders that has been sweeping over the state and nation for the last few weeks, one is left to speculate as to the present status of the movement for the abolition of capital punishment in California. It was interesting to note also in connection with the confession of the negro, Burr Harris, that after he had informed the authorities that he had killed two women, he decided he wanted to consult with Earl Rogers. What a testimonial!

Parkway May Be Expensive

Discovery by the Pacific Electric officials that the establishment of the Silver Lake Parkway would prevent the road from running its tunnel toward the beach straight west to Vineland station, as it would have to pass under the park, may result in the proposition becoming tremendously expensive. There is a charter regulation providing that park property must not be used for any other purpose, and while the railway would not interfere with the plans, its presence would be a violation of the letter of the law. The resulting damage would be nearly half a million dollars, and in fact it is questionable if the subway project could be carried out effectively at all in the face of this obstacle. Thus the property owners would be saddled with a huge assessment and the great benefits of the quick line to the beach would be lost—a double trouble. Unless a loophole is discovered the outcome will be serious.

Ernest Dawson's Latest Activities

That enthusiastic constructive Socialist, my former bookish friend Ernest Dawson, is now managing editor of "The Voluntary Coöperator," a brand-new monthly publication issued by the association of that name, trustees of which are Dr. T. Perceval Gerson,

president; Mary E. Garbutt, vice president; E. Angie Roberts, secretary; Ernest Dawson, treasurer; George Thomas Millar, organizer, and general superintendent; James Watson and Henry A. Beck. It is announced that the Voluntary Coöperative Association has been organized to begin removing the cause of social injustice by collectively acquiring and owning land and tools, establishing industries, securing to the workers the product of their labor without rent, interest or profit and with the purpose of extending this organization until by its power a better industrial system has been established. It is a colossal task, but a highly commendable one and I wish the association well. A salvage store has been established at 814 San Pedro street where visitors are always welcome.

Zeehandelaar Back at the Helm

F. J. Zeehandelaar will soon be entirely recovered from his illness, and return to active management of the affairs of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, it is reported. This will be welcome news to the organization in which he has for so long been the moving spirit, for while Zee has made a host of enemies, there never has been the slightest move against him from within the organization. The last few years have been peaceful ones for the M. and M., but the directors are always easier in their minds when the alert Zee is at his desk.

Why Not, at the Price?

Mayor Rose's pronouncements against a multiplicity of city commissions sounds well, but directed at the particular commission which was the text of the occasion, was rather ill-timed. There are, undoubtedly, too many semi-legislative and even more semi-executive bodies connected with the city government, in view of the tendency toward centralization of administration and responsibility, but why one like the board of censors of moving pictures should have been singled out for executive wrath when its members serve gratis, is difficult to understand. His Honor declared that he probably would not fill the vacancy resulting from the resignation of Paul M. Powell, because there are too many commissioners of various sorts already, and intimated that he might require the policemen to scan the movies on their respective beats and report any films of an undesirable nature. As each of the down-town beats usually contains half a dozen or more of these places, it would keep the policemen busy to watch them. Moreover, with Mrs. E. K. Foster heading the commission, its activities are sure to be intelligent and valuable.

When Censorship Became Ticklish

I understand that Mr. Powell's position was rapidly becoming a delicate one, and that his resignation anticipated serious objections to his presence, on the part of certain producers. When Paul was appointed, he was a reporter on the Express, and was named in a measure in recognition of the friendship of the powers that then were for himself, as city hall representative of Mr. Earl's evening publication. Soon after he joined the commission he began to write film scenarios, which found a ready market with the manufacturers of "wiggly drama," and it was not long before he was offered a permanent position with one of them. Later, he became director of the scenario department of this concern, still holding his position of censor, where he was called upon to pass upon, not only his own output, but that of his competitors. It was a delicate task, as his resignation tacitly admitted.

Klamath Falls a Hunter's Paradise

Writing from Klamath Falls, under date of October 3, that expert in regard to resorts, Publicity Manager H. F. Norcross of the Coronado, asks if I have ever visited the Oregon lake region. Alas, no. He says: "It is lake after lake, connected and with mountains on every side at heights ranging from snow caps down to heavily wooded slopes, and hills covered with pines. Fishing, hunting and boating take all one's time not given to long walks through shady paths and roads. The air is dry and cool, the thermometer being between 38 and 40 degrees each morning, and going up to 76 to 78 in the middle of the day. It is our first visit here, and I consider Eagle Ridge Tavern an ideal place for a September and October outing. I have only been here ten days, but Mrs. Norcross and our daughter Eleanor were here for weeks before I came. Storms are expected soon and then wild geese and ducks are due in large numbers, though there are plenty about the lake and marshes now. Roast duck is served daily at this hotel. Some time when you want to get far away from home, and cares, and papers, and news, come up here and see 'something different.' I expect to be home about the middle of the month." It is an entrancing picture but not for me. In my next incarnation I hope to make up for lost vacations in this.

No Denial From R. W. Pridham

Just in passing I might remark, that I have not received any denial of the story that Supervisor R. W. Pridham has his eye on the mayor's chair.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

Much improvement was noticed at the concert of the People's Orchestra last Sunday afternoon, both in the selections and performance. Brahms' "Tragic" overture was the main number. The lighter ones were a selection from a Glazounow ballet suite, a serenade by Victor Herbert, a morceau by Nevin and the Gioconda "Dance of the Hours." All of these the orchestra played with excellent effect. By the new arrangement of seats the men cannot hear one another so well and there is a loss in precision at times, but this is more than compensated for by the larger tone. On this program the orchestra made much improvement in the matter of its accompaniments, Mr. Lebegott holding down his men with much advantage to the flute solo. The choice of solo talent also evinced a decided upward tendency, compared with several of its predecessors. Mr. B. A. Adams was given his debut as flutist, so far as Los Angeles is concerned, and he proved a master of his instrument. He played a fantasy by Doppler (one is almost as sure to hear Doppler on the flute as Popper on the 'cello and Vieuxtemps on the fiddle), and gave it a brilliant interpretation. He evidently ranks with the best flautists that visit Los Angeles in band and orchestra. Mmes. Ulrich and Zobelein and Messrs. Jones and House formed a quartet which probably is second to none in Los Angeles. Their work in the Rigolletto quartet and in an unaccompanied church quartet deserved the hearty applause tendered.

If the public realized how good a program is prepared for tomorrow afternoon there would be no vacant seats at the Auditorium. The People's Orchestra and chorus will present Verdi's "Requiem" and after hearing a rehearsal the writer classes this as an unusual opportunity for Los Angeles people to hear a great work—especially rare from the fact that the orchestra has been together a good while, which is seldom the case where choral works are presented in Los Angeles. The chorus is of fair size and has been rehearsing all summer on this Requiem for the Verdi memorial program, Verdi having been born one hundred years ago, yesterday. The soloists are Mmes. Vaughn and Selby and Messrs. Paul and McPherson. Two introductory orchestral numbers will be played and F. G. Ellis will sing a number from Verdi's "Othello," a song in which he does beautiful work. This concert will be a test as to whether it is worth while to try longer in giving good music in Los Angeles at popular prices. If this house is not full, that ought to be accepted as the public Verdi—ct.

At the October Gamut Club dinner, English visitors of prominence added much to the enjoyment of the large number present. The main guest of honor was Sir Joseph Beecham, father of Thomas Beecham, of English opera and orchestra fame. He was a boyhood playmate of Supervisor Norton, who brought him to the club. Of course, Sir Joseph was called out for a speech and he made an enjoyable talk on the English opera and orchestra situation and on what had been done by his son's company in bringing operatic novelties to England. The speaker was amply able to tell of the sporting side of the matter as it is said he has sunk as high as \$200,000 in one

operatic season. The club recognized what he has done for music in England by electing him an honorary member.

Another Englishman well known in the art and present at this meeting was A. Mosgrove Roberts, formerly a singer, now giving his attention to church composition. He was very entertaining in his reminiscences of meeting English royalty and of the interest of the Duke of Edinburgh and others in music. Other guests were Sigmund Beel, newly-elected concert master of the Symphony Orchestra, Isabelle Evesson, a well known actress, and J. H. Green, playing with McKee Rankin. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dreyfus were welcomed home, and Mrs. Dreyfus sang several numbers delightfully. Virginia Ware, soprano, and Theodore Gordoan, violinist, also were heard, as well as Gage Christopher, bass, in several songs. The triple quartet of the Orpheus Club sang unusually well and with a talk from L. E. Behymer to close, the program was a great success.

Women composers furnished the program for the Dominant Club last Saturday. Compositions of Gertrude Ross were given by Mmes. Vaughn, Menasco and Mabey; songs by Mrs. Abbie Jamison were sung by Mmes. Selby and Mabey; Fannie Dillon played one of her own works and Mrs. Tiffany sang two of her songs; and Mrs. Newkirk and Miss Peycke offered songs of the latter's writing. These tuneful compositions were representative of the best song writing being done in the Southwest and the various song writers were happily received. Between the Gamut and Dominant clubs and the People's Orchestra, the local composer has been coming into his own of late.

Looking over old programs, in the one given by the Theodore Thomas orchestra in New York, November 14, 1863, I noticed that the soloist offered the cavatina from "Beldini's" "Romeo and Juliette" and "The Dearest Spot" by Wrighton. The singer was then 26 years old. Friday of last week she was 76 years old—or young—and was the honored guest at a reception by her many friends. Mrs. Jennie Twitchell Kempton has had a musical career of which she well may be proud. At 14 years she was soloist with the Boston Handel and Haydn Society. After singing as far west as San Francisco, she sang in Europe in grand opera, making her debut in Milan. Her repertoire included roles in thirty operas. In Paris, Mrs. Kempton sang in Rossini's "Stabat Mater" under the composer's direction; in America she had sixty engagements with Theodore Thomas' orchestra and in the great Boston Jubilee. Few songers now living, in America, at least, have appeared before so many historic crowned heads as has Mrs. Kempton. She sang before Victor Emmanuel in Italy, before Emperor Napoleon III and Empress Eugenie in Paris, and Queen Victoria at Buckingham palace, where her majesty presented her with a handsome Persian bowl. But it is not for these things that Mrs. Kempton counts her friends by the hundred in Los Angeles; it is because of her kind heart, her friendly manner and her helpful life. Here is joining the wish of her admirers that she may round out the full hundred years in health and strength.

Mr. Tandler begins rehearsals with the symphony orchestra next week and the first program will be given Novem-

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FIFTY CENTS

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1044 SOUTH HOPE STREET

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 24, 1913.

018092. Not coal land. NOTICE is hereby given that August Schutze, whose post-office address is 712 E. 33rd St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 17th day of March, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018092, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of December, 1913, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 25, 1913.

018117. Not coal land. NOTICE is hereby given that Julius Janssen, whose post-office address is 1287 W. 35th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 17th day of March, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018117, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 26, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 9th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 6, 1913.

017967. Not coal lands. NOTICE is hereby given that Malcolm McLaren, whose post-office address is 1071 N. Serrano Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 7th day of March, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 017967, to purchase Lot 4, Section 36, Township 1 North, Range 20 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$104.73, the stone estimated at \$62.84 and the land \$41.89; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 18th day of November, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

local musical world and their happiness brings them many congratulations.

ber 14 and 15. It includes "Die Weihe des Hauses" overture (Beethoven); "Unfinished" symphony (Schubert); suite, "Scenes Historiques" (Sibelius); and prelude to "Die Meistersinger." The selections appeal to all lovers of symphony work. It is customary to use as the first work of a series the "Dedication of the House" overture of Beethoven. Pasadena will have its own box office for the sale of symphony tickets. Richard Schlewan has been chosen second concertmaster. He was formerly director of the San Diego orchestra and has had considerable experience. The orchestra will use concert pitch, which will give more brilliancy to the performance, as it is about a half step higher than the international pitch. But it will be harder on the vocalists who appear with the orchestra.

Edwin H. and W. A. Clark, Jr., are back from three months in Europe with new music for the St. Saens quintet club recitals. They promise several novelties on the club programs this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dreyfus have taken a studio in the Majestic theater building. They are home after a year in Europe, where Mrs. Dreyfus added largely to her song repertoire.

Ellis Club announces its first concert for the season for Tuesday night, November 11, at the Auditorium.

Unfortunately, the opening concert of the Philharmonic series, given by Geraldine Farrar and Alwin Schroeder, occurred too late for a notice in this issue. It will be treated next week.

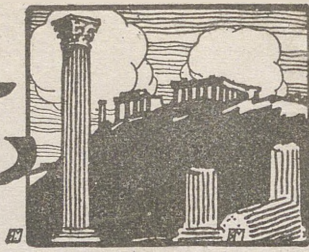
Tenors held the day last Monday. Roland Paul at the Ebell club house was a feature in the afternoon and Abraham Miller at Blanchard hall in the evening. Mr. Paul offered the following program: Aria from "Lakme" (Delibes); a group of four songs by Brahms; a group of four songs by Edith Haines-Kuesher; "Pensee d'Automne" (Massenet); "La Maison Gris" and "Chanson de Fortunio" (Messager); "Il Neige" (Bemberg), and Canio's aria from "Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo). Mr. Paul had the assistance of Mrs. Ryus, at the piano.

At his Monday evening recital, Mr. Miller gave the Schubert song cycle "Die Schone Mullerin." He incorporated with this a descriptive talk, connecting the various numbers of the work with a link of conversational description, weaving the whole cycle into a story, as it were. This proved a very good plan, as the singing of a series of songs in German tells no tale to the majority of concert goers. Mr. Miller's experience adapts him well to such verbal and vocal work.

Possibly, the new addition to the Demorest family should be classified among amateur organists, but Organist Charles Demorest says he thinks the new member of his menage arriving last week shows more decided leanings to the vocal division at present. At any rate, it is wonderful what eight and a half pounds of girl will do toward increasing the importance of a man and his smile of self complacency. The Demorests are favorites in the



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

Through the medium of the art committee, of which Mrs. William Harvey Housh is chairman, the Fine Arts League of Los Angeles has announced the formal opening of the art gallery in the new county museum at Exposition Park. This event will occur simultaneously with the aqueduct celebration which is scheduled for the last two weeks in October. It is needless for me at this time to consume space by going into an elaborate or detailed account of the work of the Fine Arts League since its formation a few years ago or in applauding the untiring efforts of Mrs. Housh, its founder, to better the general conditions of things artistic in Los Angeles. All those who have at heart the best interests and the future welfare of our city and who keep in touch with western development along the lines of art, music, and science know conditions far better, no doubt, than I would be able to set them forth in these limits.

Many of us know the long hard road up which the Fine Arts League has struggled to success. Some of us have dragged heavy burdens over the same rough way and occasionally we have staggered and almost fallen, but never have we rested by the wayside nor asked that the load might be shifted. Only those who have had their shoulders with the wheel and have touched elbows with the faithful few who have given time and money to make the Fine Arts League a final success are able fully to appreciate the great work that has been accomplished or what effort and sacrifice were necessary to bring about results. Many of us remember distinctly the first public announcement that heralded the formation of the Fine Arts League and none can forget the comments pro and con that followed. A few had faith because faith dwells ever with the few, but the large majority shook their heads, looked wise, and went their ways smiling. The League was regarded by the general public in a tolerant and wholly indifferent manner. It was classed along with the woman's clubs and certain civic movements bordering on art that were all well enough but so utterly away and beyond that no serious-minded individual ever gave the matter much thought. The Fine Arts League was considered harmless. Like a Maeterlinck drama, it was beautiful but ineffectual. How often do we reckon without our host? For, unlike a Maeterlinck drama, the Fine Arts League accomplished something.

Truth is, it has almost accomplished the impossible. They who have tried to better local art conditions and who have had the courage of their convictions to the extent of backing a well-armed assault upon the octopus of commercialism that holds us so completely in its gaunt embrace are ready to doff their hats to the Fine Arts League and to Mrs. Housh who realized the dream. The work that Mrs. Housh has done has been nothing short of herculean. She first saw the scheme as one grand total, as so many fond dreamers are wont to do, but unlike the average person who is gifted by far visions she was able to make her dream come true. She possessed the rare quality that made it possible to work out its details and put them into partial execution. Let no one think that her task was an easy one, that it was a moment's pleasure to convince a board of county supervisors that it

should foster a great art movement and spend a hundred thousand dollars for an art gallery as a token of its good will!

Yet the facts remain. The Fine Arts gallery is no longer a dream, no longer a blue print in an architect's portfolio, nor is it a pile of brick and stone beside an open excavation. It is a finished structure in every detail ready to receive its precious collections of paintings and marbles, and, best of all, it belongs to every man, woman, and child in Los Angeles county and will be a meeting place for the traveling populace of every state in the Union. A brief description of the interior of the handsome gallery may not be amiss at this time, for The Graphic has made it a point to keep its readers informed upon every step in the development of this great project and no detail of the work has been overlooked or slighted. Entering the museum from the sunken gardens by the main doorway, one passes directly into the great marble rotunda seventy feet in diameter. Occupying the central place beneath the huge stained glass dome will stand the monumental group in bronze representing art, science, and history, by Julia Bracken Wendt. Beyond the group of statuary, straight through the building from the main entrance we come to the art gallery proper. This room is 100 feet in length by 70 feet in width and is one of the best lighted galleries it has been my pleasure to find. The walls are covered by a greenish-gray wool terry woven particularly for this purpose in Philadelphia. An especially designed art glass screen is used to soften and unify the light and hand-wrought furniture of eucalyptus wood, finished in flat tone of warm gray, adds a unique finish to the interior. The central piece is a combination pedestal and circular seat. The statue for this pedestal will be a symbolic figure of California.

Cases for rare ivories, enamels, miniatures, and ceramics are simple in design and not more offensive to the eye than any case must necessarily be. The seats are massive and comfortable and I feel that the whole arrangement is highly successful. Opening from the main gallery are two smaller ones. These will be used for collections of arts and crafts work and for individual loan collections. The spacious balcony in the rotunda will contain groups of statuary and the wall space will be given over to rare prints, etchings, and fine color reproductions. Other rooms leading from this balcony will contain loan collections of Japanese prints, art photography, and antique prints, as soon as such collections can be procured. Rare and antique oriental rugs will be displayed on frames in the main hallway and it is hoped that a loan collection of fine tapestries may be procured to cover the walls of the rotunda.

The opening exhibition will be in the nature of a loan collection and promises to surpass anything of a like display ever seen in the west. Contemporary American art will prevail and already many fine works have been promised. Gardner Symons has sent twenty-six canvases from New York representing twenty-six of America's foremost painters of the present day. About the same number of western artists have been asked to submit three canvases each, from which the jury will select a representative group for the exhibition. A number of private

loans have been secured and there is now no doubt in the minds of the art committee regarding the high standard and general excellence of this, the first public gallery display for a permanent art museum in Los Angeles.

Last week at the Stickney-Memorial Gallery, Pasadena, Ida Mellish Montalboddi held an individual exhibition of twelve portrait studies in watercolors. The exhibit opened Tuesday evening, September 30, and closed Sunday afternoon. The formal opening was marked by a private view and reception which was largely attended by invited guests from Los Angeles and Pasadena. This was the first exhibition of its kind ever held in the west and also the first showing that Mrs. Montalboddi has made in her home city since her return from her lengthy sojourn abroad. The name of Ida Mellish is well known in local art circles and long before she was Mrs. Montalboddi her standing as a painter was well and firmly established in Pasadena and vicinity. For a number of years prior to her departure for Europe this gifted woman was in charge of the art department of Throop Polytechnic Institute and in that capacity made her influence felt in art and educational circles in the southwest. While pursuing her art studies in the foreign academies she met Raphael Montalboddi, a gifted young painter, scion of a famous Roman family, and their marriage soon followed. Apparently, her old home was forgotten in the joy of her new-found happiness, but as all roads lead to Rome, just so do all roads lead back, and so one day about a year ago the Montalboddis arrived in Pasadena. Their advent in the Crown City has not been without its effect upon the art and social life of the staid community, for both Mr. and Mrs. Montalboddi are "doers" and their ideas are advanced and perhaps a few years beyond the understanding of the majority of western laymen.

The present collection of twelve life-sized portrait studies in pure watercolors is bound to be misunderstood by many and no doubt not a few will say "amen" to the remark made by a woman-in-doubt who timidly admitted that she supposed they were quite good but, personally, she didn't quite know why she didn't like them. I have no doubt that many who attended this exhibition were somewhat surprised, to say the least. When it was announced that Mrs. Montalboddi was to show watercolors we naturally expected to see small oval head studies, painted in a conventional manner. We were scarcely prepared for the innovation that this artist has made in the chaste and guarded field of watercolor painting. These portraits are not well behaved watercolors in any sense of the word. They are big and bold and free. They are not worked. Each one is a quick sketchy record of a character—an individual. Several are highly successful while others are not, but each is of interest and, taking the group as a whole, I find much to admire and little to criticize.

Mrs. Montalboddi's aim is to produce a likeness in pure watercolor that will have the power of expression and the virility of an oil painting. Several of the canvases shown are promising of future success. The twelve portraits that were hung represent three months' work and each study required but five two-hour poses. In work of this kind no mistakes are possible. If they occur, as occur they must, no correction can be made, hence these canvases are an open book to all of Mrs. Montalboddi's artistic shortcomings and perfections, that he who runs may read. Several of the figures are well drawn and others are not. All are high in key and attractive in color and a few are remarkably pleasing in effect and are excellent likenesses of the sitters. Among the most successful canvases shown were the portraits of Mr. Chas. A. Turner, Raffaello Montalboddi, Mrs. Emily P. Webb, and Mr. E. B. Getchell. A group

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
016932. Not coal land.

September 25, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Conrad Doerfler, whose post-office address is 1121 Central Ave., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 19th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016932, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, S $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 8, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 17, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00, and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 8th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 23, 1913.

018062. Not coal land.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sabina B. Culver, whose post-office address is 1752 Garfield Place, Hollywood, California, did, on the 13th day of March, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018062, to purchase Lot 1 (NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$), Section 19, Township 1 South, Range 17 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$99.65, the stone estimated at \$59.79, and the land \$39.86; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 25, 1913.

018650. Not coal land.

NOTICE is hereby given that Abe Blumenthal, whose post-office address is 519 W 7th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 2nd day of May, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018650, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 1, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 9th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

of five decorative flower studies completed this unusual showing.

Social & Personal

At the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bower of South Hope street, Miss Italja M. Bower became the bride of Mr. Erle M. Leaf Wednesday evening, the ceremony being performed by the Reverend Doctor Shaw before an altar of carnation and ferns decked with lavender tulle. The bride was gowned in white brocaded crepe trimmed with princess lace, and her veil was fastened with lilies of the valley, the same blossoms being combined with orchids for her bridal bouquet. The matrons of honor, Mrs. E. C. Bower, Jr., and Mrs. Leland Bower, were gowned in white satin and lace, and carried bouquets of pink roses, while the maid of honor, Miss Ramona Bower, was in lavender charmeuse draped in golden brocaded chiffon. Bridesmaids were Miss Helen Bower, Miss Ivy Leaf, Miss Fern Jackson and Miss Eula Smith, who wore lavender charmeuse with draperies of gold net, and carried American Beauty roses. Little Dorothy White was flower girl, and the bridal path was formed of white satin ribbons held by the Misses Janet Wherry, Florence Scott, Alice Flint and Leah Kirkman, gowned in pale pink charmeuse. The best man was Mr. Errett Shelton. Following the bridal supper, Mr. and Mrs. Leaf left for a honeymoon in the east.

In honor of her daughter, Miss Doris Hudson, who is to become the bride of Mr. James Stapleton Woollacott October 22, Mrs. Frank D. Hudson entertained Wednesday with a big reception at her home on Hobart boulevard. The house was decked with baskets of roses and autumn flowers, and the hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Henry J. Woollacott, Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Mrs. William H. Cline, Mrs. Charles T. Howland, Mrs. L. W. Neiswender, Mrs. F. E. Engstrom, Miss Ruth Greppin, Miss Marie Nichols, Miss Winifred Howland. Last evening Miss Nichols gave a dinner in honor of Miss Hudson, and this afternoon she is being entertained with a luncheon by Miss Howland. She is also to be the guest of honor at a reception with which Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle is to compliment her next week.

Mrs. O. H. Churchill of South Figueroa gave an informal luncheon Tuesday guests including Mrs. Charles McFarland, Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, Mrs. Richard V. Day, Mrs. John F. Day of New Orleans, Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley, Mrs. A. J. Salisbury, Mrs. S. C. Bogart, and Mrs. John A. Henderson. Autumn foliage and yellow chrysanthemums decorated the house and the luncheon tables.

Miss Margaret Gaffey gave a luncheon at Hotel Alexandria Tuesday afternoon in honor of the Misses Katherine and Marjorie Ramsay, who with their mother, Mrs. William E. Ramsay, have left for a winter in the east. Pink Killarney roses and fernery formed the centerpiece for the table, where covers were arranged for Mrs. E. T. Earl, Miss Kate Frese, Miss Gaffey's house guest, Miss Geraldine St. John of San Francisco, and the guests of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop and their little daughter, accompanied by Mrs. Bishop's mother, Mrs. Valentine Schaeffer of Ohio, will return the first of the week from the east. Mr. Schaeffer will also visit with another daughter, Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dreyfus, who recently returned from a year abroad, are established at Hotel Beverly Hills for the winter, and Mrs. Dreyfus is planning to give two concerts a month. Sunday evening she will delight the

guests and others with a program of traditional and modern songs from Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Spain, Russia and France.

In honor of Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Sr., who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., Mrs. Harry B. Ainsworth entertained with a delightful luncheon Tuesday, pink roses and tulle bows forming the decorations. Covers were arranged for Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Eli P. Clark, Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke, Mrs. George King, Mrs. F. B. Bulkley, Mrs. G. G. Mullins and Miss Mullins.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wing Taylor of 243 West Adams street will preside at a reception this evening, introducing their daughter, Miss Barbara Claire Taylor, to society. The house is beautifully decorated with masses of autumn blossoms and foliage, and in the receiving line will be Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Locke, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Hagan, Dr. and Mrs. Claire Murphy, and Messrs. F. W. Taylor, E. W. Taylor and E. G. Taylor. Miss Taylor is a talented musician and already a popular member of the younger set here.

One of the delightful affairs of the coming week will be the presentation of Mary Austin's poetic drama, "The Arrowmaker," which the Amateur Players will produce at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning at Wilmington, October 16. Miss Elizabeth Wood is to have the role of the chief's daughter, and Mr. Allen Morphy will have the leading part of the Arrowmaker. Mrs. John Nivin, Mrs. R. D. Lapham, Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner, Miss Martha Woolwine, Miss Katherine Barbour, Miss Katherine Chichester, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Albertine Pendleton, Miss Bessie Hall, and Messrs. Norwood Howard, Jerry Powell, Perry Wood, Henry D. Daly, W. J. Dodd, and William Graves will assume the other roles.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Jessup Marshall of Westlake avenue and their house guests, the Misses Mildred Kellogg and Pearl Fraser of Texas, have returned from a visit at Berkeley. They were also accompanied by Miss Grace Constance Willis.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Preuss entertained informally at dinner Monday evening in honor of Mrs. Preuss' birthday, following with a party at the Mason Opera House. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Bradner W. Lee, Mrs. J. Moss Terry and Mrs. C. Wiley Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wiley of West Eighth street announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Florence Wiley, to Mr. John Bicknell Hinton. The young people are enjoying a motoring trip through the north, and will return to Los Angeles to make their home.

Mrs. and Mrs. Robert Sweeney and family and the former's sister, Miss Katherine Hanaway, have returned to their home at 680 New Hampshire street after a summer at Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hayward of Washington, D. C., have come to Los Angeles to make their home. Mrs. Hayward is the son of Dr. Henderson Hayward of this city.

Miss June Eskey, daughter of Mrs. M. N. Eskey of Van Nuys avenue, has chosen Wednesday, October 29, as the date of her marriage to Mr. James W. Dunham. Mrs. A. C. Davidson is to be

(Continued on Page Eleven)

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Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

In all of us there is the primitive chord that responds to the primal emotions, which is why William Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" has always held an intense interest for both men and women. Women like the idea of being "tamed;" they delight in the sight of Petruchio, adoring Katherine, but conquering her by gentle brutality; and men seem to find equal pleasure in seeing the fiery, capricious Katherine transformed into a loving wife by Petruchio's masterful manner. And although "The Taming of the Shrew" does not rank with other Shakespearean comedies, nevertheless, it holds high place, especially when it is given so finished a production as that accorded it by Margaret Anglin and her company at the Mason Opera House. Even more delightful than the playing is the environment. The simplicity of the scenes is delightful; the richness of coloring, the reproductions of real scenes in Verona, the artistic lighting, the faithfulness of detail—the harmony of the whole delights the eye and the senses as do the historically correct and colorful costumes worn. Margaret Anglin has never done better work than as Katherine. Her musical reading of the lines is as delightful as her more tempestuous scenes, and her transformation from the haughty, spiteful Kate to Katherine, the wife, is deftly shown. It is not a breaking of spirit, not a conquering by brute force; it is the transmuting through love; through the submission of a woman to her mate. This same key is struck by Eric Blind, who plays Petruchio with a most engaging swagger, but whose delivery is halting, breathless, and in-artistic. The delightful reading of Ian MacLaren, the picturesque Lucentio, is one of the interesting things of the production, as is the Bianca of Ruth Holt-Boucicault. Excellent comedy work is done by Max Montesole as Grumio, and Sidney Greenstreet as Biondello. The famous induction, telling of the adventures of Christopher Sly, is thrust upon us in artistic fashion by Fuller Mellish and several players, but although it has value, it fails to justify itself as a curtain-raiser, and could well be eliminated, especially as it retards the presentation of the play of the evening.

* * *

Los Angeles club women and patrons of the arts cry out for culture from the platform, from the tea table and from the bridge table. They talk of elevating the stage, they condemn the unworthy in dramatic art; and yet when comes such a feast of good things as is offered by Margaret Anglin, then inconsistently stay away from the theater. Surely, productions of such exquisite setting, such histrionic and artistic value should receive the support of all those who care for the really good things of life. Suppose one has seen all of Shakespeare; is there not an inexhaustible vein of richest gold in his works, something new to be discovered at every viewing of his art—a beauty of language, a deftness of thought, an insight into the foibles of human nature, a clever satire? And even though our people are only making pretense in their expressed yearnings, why not be consistent enough to pretend loyal enjoyment? Never have we witnessed a more beautiful performance of a Shakespearean comedy than that of "Twelfth Night." Scenically, the offering is ideal—so perfect that after the first burst of appreciative admiration the audience may en-

tirely forget the setting, accepting it as a perfect part of the play because there is no obtrusive fault to jar. And the poetic, musical beauty of Margaret Anglin's voice as she delivers the gently sad or sadly roguish lines of Viola; the comely lure of her in her boy's attire—it is humanly, delightfully feminine as well as being true art. Ian MacLaren is gratifyingly adequate as Orsino, and the Olivia of Ruth Holt-Boucicault is second only to Miss Anglin. The part of Sir Toby gives Sidney Greenstreet rare opportunity for broad comedy work, and the impish jester of Max Montesole is the soul of comedy.

* * *

Romance has a delicate but firm grip upon the emotions always, and William Shakespeare's poetic idyll, "As You

Like It," so seriously essayed should have had the support of every theatergoer who decries the white slave type of play, the melodramatic sex problem. It is a restful interlude of fancy and romance after the strife and noise of realism.

"The Survivors" at the Morosco

Whatever the merits or demerits of "The Survivors," the new play by Henry Kolker and Vaughan Pettit which is being given its first production at the Morosco, theatergoers will thank the playwrights for one thing; in the second act the jaded palate is given a flip, the jaded senses a real thrill, with one of the most dramatic moments that have occurred in any play of recent years. In its present condition "The Survivors" may scarcely be labeled a play; it needs a great deal of attention; but the plot is there, the possibilities are fairly rampant, and, surely, two playwrights with the evident cleverness of these men can get a new light on their production and bring it up to the standard it deserves. From the curtain the first act is interesting, so much so that the second act would necessarily have to be intensely strong to prevent an impression of anti-climax. The rising curtain discovers Helen Cruger and Wain-

ways. The man craves a change, his soul is sick for the peace and quiet of home and love and sympathy. He appeals to his wife to forego the ball to which she is to go; to stay at home with him. He is to meet his partners for an hour's business talk, but after that they may have a quiet evening together, may attempt to readjust themselves. But habit is too strong for Helen and she refuses his request. Come Cruger's partners, Cuthbert Poole, coolly unscrupulous and selfish, and Colonel Butterworth, weak, easily lead, naturally kindhearted but a weathervane. Their firm is facing bankruptcy; the one way out is to juggle the law, deed their mining property to an outsider; declare themselves penniless and let the creditors howl for their dollars. But Cruger refuses to betray the trust of his creditors in this fashion. Then Poole slyly suggests that if one of the firm were to commit suicide, the big policy that the firm carries for just such a contingency would tide them over. Diabolically, he makes it seem the one solution to Cruger, who has no desire for life now that love and prosperity have both slipped from his weak fingers. Poole promises to care for Helen and the child, to give her her full third of the estate, and the curtain falls with the frightened colonel and the sinister Poole leaving the house, knowing that behind them a tragedy is to be enacted.

The second act takes place in Colonel Butterworth's house, two years later. The Butterworths are celebrating the first anniversary of the marriage of Helen Cruger and Bert Caldwell. It is a scene of gayety and mirth, yet clouded for them all by the memory of Wainwright's suicide. And then, as their laughter is at its height the white-faced butler announces "Wainwright Cruger," and the company stare at each other with horror-stricken, unbelieving eyes, and the audience thrills with the ghastly pleasure of a new sensation. Wainwright has not committed suicide, but has exchanged clothes with a drowned derelict; and then has gone out to his own mine and worked as a laborer, worked himself back to manhood and clean living. Here, where the authors had opportunities for several tremendous scenes they fail; they force Wainwright into a sea of words, they let the action become tame; they fail to follow up their big situation. There should be a tremendous climax to carry this act; with it the play would be remarkable for its "punch." But the opening of the act, the by-play with a baby, and a smattering of "smart" conversation drags languidly; it needs spice and sparkle. The last act is dull, without situation or surprise, and with a new climax for the second act, the last should be entirely rewritten, for there is too much in the play to permit it to go down into obscurity. Cruger is allowed to philosophize altogether too much to seem natural; men do not ponder the mysteries of life when they are under tremendous emotional strain. Nor is Cruger's reason for returning made clear; since he did not discover until after his return that Helen was forced into marriage with Bert because of her penniless condition, his partners having failed to stick to their bargain. There are many places where a ruthless hand will have to prune the verbiage, and there are many places where new seeds will have to be planted, before these playwrights do justice to their interesting plot.

In the leading role Henry Kolker appears to better advantage than has been his wont. Mr. Kolker's volcanic gesturing—he speaks with his hands, his feet and his head—is to be decried, as is his tendency to sing the final words of his lines, giving them syllables that were never intended to adorn the English language. He needs simplicity both for voice and action. His first act is an excellent portrait, his description of his fight between life and death in the second is beautifully, poetically done, but in the latter part of



VALERIE SERICE AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK.

Like It," is enduring in its witching tenderness of love and music, moonlight and sunlight. The mere conning of his lines is a delight, and how much more delicious when they are given with liquid cadence amid such ideal settings as heighten Margaret Anglin's productions. Webster could well be depleted of his store of superlatives in the efforts to describe the lighting and the ferny deeps of the Forest of Arden, and the scene at Duke Frederick's palace, where the sunlit river winds its way through tree-fringed lowlands is a haunting memory. There seems nothing new to say of Margaret Anglin's performances, marked as they are with grace, intelligence, and human perception. Her Rosalind is a tender, yet impish creature, fire and dew, mockery and submission, and her voice is like the trickling of water in a leafy canyon. It is poetry incarnate this production of "As You Like It." Miss Anglin's company lends her good support, with Ian MacLaren a most satisfying Orlando, and Fuller Mellish reading with rare discretion the lines of the melancholy Jaques, particularly the time-defying passage, "All the world's a stage."

This week of Shakespeare, so art-

wright Cruger engaged in a bitter domestic quarrel. The immediate reason for their disagreement is Cruger's drunken insinuations that his wife is interesting herself too greatly in Bert Caldwell, a young lawyer who is dancing attendance upon her. He reproaches her for her extravagance, and more bitterly for her failure to be a helpmate to him. He speaks pitilessly of their failure as husband and wife, blaming their method of life not her. When their first glamour of passion has faded after their marriage, they cannot settle down to the quiet comradeship, the spiritual companionship that constitutes a real marriage. Their lives have been too breathless for that; their nerves demand excitement, diversion, as the nerves of a morphine taker demand their drug. And so she turns to society and he to his club; she to the excitement of bridge and dancing and flirtation, and he to poker and liquor.

It is the crucial moment between them, the moment when the spark of love may be completely extinguished or revived into a clear and steady flame. Their child is a living bond, yet almost a hindrance in that she prevents their going their separate

the act he is exceedingly melodramatic, to the point of ranting, and in the last act he overdoes the sentiment. A delightful and sympathetic etching is given by Frances Slosson, who as Helen Cruger plays with the charm of maturity and personality. Her voice is a valuable asset, she is good to look upon, and her emotional work, particularly in the moment when she must express strain without words, places her in the front ranks. Harrison Hunter easily runs away with the masculine laurels as Cuthbert Poole; it is a veritable masterpiece of character depiction. Florence Oberle and James K. Applebee are both sadly miscast, and Franklyn Underwood does his best with an impossibly conceived part—that of Bert Caldwell, the saintly sinner.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Elsa Ruegger's masterful handling of her instrument is always a delight, and her loyalty to the best in music is commendable. Yet she makes a great mistake in offering a vaudeville audience a sustained concert like the Rubinstein Diminov which has been her program at two matinee performances this week. Taste in music has developed amazingly in vaudeville patrons in late years; their appreciation of the less technical and more melodious number of our great composers is not to be doubted, but the Rubinstein concerto bores them, and it also bores those really capable of enjoying it, because the manner in which it is received is so antagonistic to the proper effect. Miss Ruegger would do well to devote her efforts entirely to a lighter program. The sketch on this week's Orpheum bill is good broad comedy excellently played. The plot of "A Business Proposal" amounts to little, but its exploitation by Jack Kennedy as a grouchy business man and Ralph Ramsey as an effeminate book-keeper keeps the audience in roars of laughter. Another act that tickles the risibles to the howling point is that of Buckley's animals, with bears and monkeys on rolling skates appearing so ludicrously human that they rock the house with mirth. We have grown to expect a great deal of English dancing acts, but the Olympia girls are rather a disappointment. Their mirror dance is clever, but their pajama dance is marked neither by novelty nor grace, and the girl who attempts to sing a moon song should be restrained for her own welfare. The Parisian Street Singers are big favorites, and Ethel MacDonough seems to be popular, although one wonders just why. Holding over is Blanche Walsh in her sketch, "The Countess Nadine."

Scott's Antarctic Pictures at Majestic.

Tragedy always attaches an intense interest to occasions, therefore the moving pictures of Captain Robert Scott's dash to the pole, which have been at the Majestic this week, hold not only the power of entertainment and education, but also a human value. There are many wonderful pictures in the exhibition, and the lecture which accompanies it is unusually illuminating, and is delivered by Charles B. Hanford, the well known Shakespearean actor. There are marvelous pictures of the Antarctic and its denizens, many of them evidently taken at the risk of life and limb; in fact the pictures are as enthralling as any that have been offered in the film world.

Offerings for Next Week.

Oliver Morosco's production of "The Bird of Paradise," which was given its first production in this city and afterward made such a success in the east, will be seen at the Majestic theater for the week beginning Sunday evening, October 12, with the usual matinees. The play is by Richard Walter Tully, and will introduce several favorites, William Desmond as Paul Wilson, David Landau, and Robert Morris, all of them old time Burbankers. Though the main trend of the drama

is serious, it is interspersed with much humor. Miss Lenore Ulrich, a young girl discovery of Mr. Morosco's plays Luana, the little Hawaiian maiden who falls in love with the renegade American, but who droops and fades when removed from her native atmosphere. The original Hawaiian troupe of Hula dancers is included in the cast, and the scenery is said to be of an impressive quality. The production has been made under the personal supervision of Mr. Morosco.

Monday evening at the Auditorium, the Tivoli Opera company will open a limited engagement, coming direct from the Tivoli Opera house in San Francisco. The engagement is to last for four weeks. Among other attractions which are billed is a revival of Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl," which has been greeted with acclamation by the northern critics. The cast includes Henry Santry as Count Arnheim, John R. Phillips as Thaddeus, Charles E. Gallagher as Devilshoof, Rena Vivienne as Arline, the daughter of the Count, and Sarah Edwards as the gypsy queen. One of the features of modern interpolation which will occur in the third scene of Act two, is the appearance of the great Basy troupe of Russian acrobats, dancers and musicians, that will add much to the beauty and picturesque effects. There is a large chorus of young dancers, and it is promised that the production will be satisfactory from the point of scenery, costumes and accessories. Popular Tivoli prices will prevail.

One of the interesting events of the current season will be the presentation Sunday afternoon of Charles Bradley and Edward Paulton's new play, "Police." The production of a new play is always of interest, and this is of unusual importance because it will introduce to local audiences the new leading woman of this organization, Miss Cecil Kern. Miss Kern comes to the Morosco with an excellent reputation earned in two seasons of stock work and in metropolitan productions. She is young and beautiful, and it is declared will prove her unusual histrionic ability in the chief role of Nancy Royce in "Police." The play has to do with the police system of New York, and a majority of the scenes are laid in the tenderloin district of that city. Henry Kolker will have the chief male role; Grace Valentine will return after an absence, Harrison Hunter has a part much to his liking, and the services of every member of the Morosco company and a number of specially engaged players will be utilized.

Selma Paley, whose last appearance on the Burbank stage proved such a success, will have a big opportunity beginning Sunday afternoon, when she essays the principal feminine role in Charles Klein's gripping drama, "The Third Degree." This part was created in New York by Helen Ware and is the biggest thing Miss Paley has yet attempted. "The Third Degree" is one of the great dramatic hits of the last five years on the native stage, and should prove interesting in the hands of the Burbank organization. It is an arraignment of the third degree system practiced by the police, and has had a salutary effect on such an institution. Mr. Klein sets forth in compelling manner the system of forcing innocent persons to confess their guilt so that they may be freed from the grilling administered. "The Third Degree" will employ the services of Thomas MacLarnie, Morgan Wallace, Beatrice Nichols, Grace Travers, James Corrigan and Lillian Elliott, and all of the other favorites of the Burbank company.

For the week beginning October 13, the Orpheum is to have a tabloid musical comedy heading its bill in the form of "The Little Parisienne," the work of Robert Hood Bowers, Cecil de Mille, William LeBaron and Deems Taylor. A company of twenty-four is engaged in its production, headed by

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BUCKLEY'S ANIMALS
Skating Bears and Monkeys

Valerie Serice, prima donna. The comedy is under the direction of Jesse L. Lasky, and is said to contain a large number of bright songs, dances and stage pictures. Hoey and Lee, comedians and parodists, are also on the new bill, with a number of humorous lyrics. Charles A. Delmore, singer, and Ben Light, ragtime pianist, will offer a good program, and Carl McCullough, who is billed as "the joy germ," has a new line — footlight impressions of stars. Carl Rosini and Mlle. Margaret have a line of mystifying tricks, and the holdovers will be Jack Kennedy and company, the Twelve Olympic girls and Buckley's clever animal act, with the orchestral concerts and the world's news in motion views.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 25, 1913.

018591. Not coal land.
NOTICE is hereby given that James J. Cochrane, whose post-office address is

1426 N. Kingsley Drive, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 26th day of April, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018591, to purchase the NW 1/4, Section 24, Township 1 South, Range 13 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00, and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 8th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

Books

The prevailing tenor of "The Way Home" is very much like the theme of "The Street Called Straight:" it has to do with the unsatisfactoriness of material success gained vilely. The hero, Charlie Grace, is the son of the rector of a fashionable New York church. After having early felt the pinch of poverty and seen its lack of respectability he hurls himself grimly into money-making. Like many other young men he comes to feel the force of that satanic worldly law that the successful man must fight with all weapons, that it is through a heartless struggle only that the fittest survive. He reaches the top and finds that he enjoys no satisfaction there. When he is sentenced by his physicians his eyes are opened, he sees the emptiness of the things he has been living for, and turns finally to his father's church for spiritual relief.

The book is an interesting one, among other reasons because of its correct portrayal of the discrepancy between Christian life and the life of pretending Christians. There are many points of agreement between this book and that mightier one by Winston Churchill which has offended so nobly the churches. Charles Grace, like most young people, cannot discover the meaning of religion from the teachers in the church; he must find it out for himself. This is not to say that all of the pundits are ignorant or inarticulate: youth has a way of preferring experience to instruction: it may be that salvation is not grasped otherwise than after failure. Grace eventually reaches the conclusion, profoundly true, that faith is a spiritual act, that religion has nothing to do with proofs or creeds.

There is an unfortunate weakness in his failing to find himself until face to face with threatening death; one must suspect fear and not wisdom as the actuating motive in reform at such a time. But this weakness in the book is counterbalanced in a measure by the truth of the portrayal of the life of American men. Charles Grace by sheer strength of will moves forward irresistibly over his predetermined course; he allows himself no time for answering the vague questions of his objecting conscience. The feeling that a man has that something is wrong, is the spiritual in him that dogs him, worries him till he is forced to recognize its claims. Grace is a good illustration of the contention of Mr. Churchill that spiritual longings remain vague and incoherent, subconscious, are an energy held in abeyance till a connection is established with the conscious life and will. When that conversion comes the divine fire becomes dominant and the man is a true Christian.

Then comes the disappointment of this book, the disappointment in most books about converted rich men. Grace is now wealthy because of his former unscrupulousness: what does he do with his money? Does he, like Christian the pilgrim, throw off this burden of the world when he reaches the foot of the cross? He retires, it seems, to his Long Island home. What! has he, too, fallen into the fallacy of thinking that when a man enters the kingdom of God he begins the enjoyment of a well-earned vacation? Does he then like other smug church members continue to eat stained bread, fixing his eyes piously on heaven? Of course he does. ("The Way Home." By Basil King. Harper and Bros.)

"Concert Pitch"

It is a relief to find now and then a

book that has no problems and no moral lesson. True, such a book is not in touch with the unrest, spiritual and social, that marks the times, but it is for that reason that the relief is welcome. The author of "The Heart of a Child" knows well how to charm. In "Concert Pitch" we have the story of another child who never grows up: Manuella is the victim of an ambitious stepmother, an ignorant and careless father, and great wealth. Child-like, she revolts against the half-understood restraints that the shallow social world imposes, and fighting ignorantly she falls into many errors. The spectacle of a beautiful and innocent girl in danger is especially appealing to the masculine mind: sentiment, of course, but an appeal to the sense of chivalry is a good thing for men and may go far toward preventing them from drowning in the hopeless slough of common-sense and the matter-of-fact. Though the pathos of the life of Manuella is not so moving as that in "The Heart of a Child," it is, nevertheless, touching and goes to strengthen the ideals so deplorably slipping away in these days. Manuella's story is not "serious, leads nowhere; no one learns anything during the three years of its progress; it is all a play of puppets and circumstance and directing fate. Nothing is said of education as being the counter to danger; the reader frankly relies on that ideal anciently true that the pure enjoy a special protection, that

So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

("Concert Pitch." By Frank Danby. The Macmillan Company.)

Views of Railway Building

Stupendous figures in bewildering array, amazing descriptions of stock manipulation and financial juggling in Charles Edward Russell's "Stories of the Great Railroads" almost benumb the reader, the most interesting recital being the work of Collis P. Huntington in the building of the Central Pacific and the "Romantic Days of Early California." More like a story from the pen of Jack London or pages from Churchill's "Coniston" than a prosaic narration from real life is Russell's portrayal of Huntington. The great financier is described as

... a big man physically, six feet in height, broad-shouldered, with muscles so strong that he could lift a barrel of flour by the chimes and set it upon his shoulder; a flame like a grisly bear, incapable of fatigue, delighting in labor as other men delight in ease, delighting in his strength and the use of it, abounding in health, and full of the love of combat. . . . Mentally, he seems to have been the incarnation of the idea of gain. . . . There was always something tigerish and irrational in his ravenous pursuit of money that made him interesting. He was always on the scent; he struck and clawed at money as men long starving would strike and claw to get food, gorging and making sounds. Others got money for what money would buy for them: power, position, travel, luxury and applause. This man got it for its own sake, piling it up behind him as he reached out his long arms for more, using the power of one million only to secure another; cold, shrewd, relentless, getting money and defending it with a kind of snarling ferocity—a most extraordinary figure.

Thus wroth does Mr. Russell wax and rage. Interwoven in the latter chapters of the book is a background of harmonious design formed by Leland Stanford, "smooth and adroit politician," Mark Hopkins, "a man of details, systems and accounts," Charles Crocker, D. D. Colton, otherwise known as "Friend Colton," I. E. Gage and other

names familiar in public affairs in California. The stories of the harbor fight between San Pedro and Santa Monica and the lemon rate controversy as told by Mr. Russell hold the attention in the compellingly fiery style in which they are told. "A hair perhaps divides the false and true," but it makes interesting reading Lord Strathcona, or plain Donald Smith, James J. Hill, "builder of inland empires," Commodore Vanderbilt, of "Death Avenue" fame, E. H. Harriman, and associates also are among the gentlemen high in railway circles arraigned before the people on charges of murder and highway robbery on grand and crafty scale. Without offering any commentary upon the justness and truth of its allegations it is an intensely interesting book, but one to play upon prejudices greatly. ("Stories of Great Railroads." By Charles Edward Russell. Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Los Angeles comes in for special attention in the October number of Sunset: The Pacific Monthly, with Rufus Steele exploiting our charms in an article entitled "The Red Car of Empire." E. Alexander Powell, with half a dozen degree letters after his name, writes of Arizona, and Governor Hunt of that new state tells of its construction. Eleanor Gates is responsible for "Motoring to Mass at Pala," and fiction includes "The Finding of Fire," by Charles G. D. Roberts, "Under the Jolly Roger," by Peter B. Kyne, "A Healthy Conversion," by Herman Whitaker, and "Billy Fortune and the Foreigners," by William R. Lighton.

California is the setting of two important contributions to Lippincott's for October—Elizabeth Dejeans' new novel, "Water-Witched Valley," and Forbes Lindsay's "The Wife of a Littlelander." Albert Schnitz writes of "Walt Whitman—A World's Poet?" and the Ways of the Hour column is unusually interesting. Fiction includes "A Professional Episode," by Arthur Morrison, "A Visit to the Palmist," by Katherine Metcalf Roof, "From the Fold," by Evelyn Van Buren, "The Demoralization of Mrs. Barton's Dinner," by Marguerite Putnam Bush, "The Last of His Blood," by Mary Hart, and "The Capturing of Ezra," by Clinton Dangerfield.

Gustav Stickley appears over his own signature in the Craftsman for October, telling of the origin and growth of the Craftsman movement, with entertaining illustrations. There are a number of interesting articles on gardens, houses, decoration, etc., of especial value to the home lover.

Theodore Roosevelt once more blossoms into print, this month appearing in the Century with an article, "The Progressive Party." John Burroughs writes of "The Circuit of the Summer Hills," and James Davenport Whelpley is interesting in "The Foreign Trade of the United States." Theodore Dreiser considers the charms of Paris, and Roger Boutet de Monvel of "Nemours, a Typical French Provincial Town." Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's novel, "The White Linen Nurse," is concluded and a new novel, "Home," which is anonymous, is given its first installment. Paderewski is exploited by Abbie C. Finck, and Frances Hodgson Burnett's long drawn out tale of that American-Englishman, "T. Tembarom," is continued.

Notes From Bookland

Clara Louise Kellogg's "Memoirs of a Prima Donna," published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's, should be a book of uncommon interest to all who like to read about the operatic stage. As a singer Miss Kellogg reached a commanding position chiefly through her extraordinary ability. She won fame abroad while musical America was yet an undiscovered country. In her own land her popularity was unbounded, and she held her foremost place in rivalry with some of Europe's greatest

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singers, in the era of Max Maretzek and the Strakosches. She was the contemporary, in her youth, of Viardot, Anna Le Grand, Gazzaniga, and later on of Parepa Rosa, Lucca, Nilsson, and De Murska. She wisely retired before her powers began to wane, but the younger generation has heard much about her triumphs from the reminiscent talk of their elders. Her memoirs comprise, not, to be sure, the beginnings of Italian opera in this country, but its development as an important factor in musical culture, and she can tell the smart youngsters who are now talking about the charm of opera in English much about early and well-directed efforts in that field in which she was a prime mover.

Louis Joseph Vance, whose new novel, "Joan Thursday," seems to be spanning the whole gamut of critical praise and damnation, makes an amiable disclaimer as to his possession of that "valuable ignorance of the labor movement" attributed to him two weeks ago. Assuming that the idea of the said valuable ignorance originated with Hutchins Hapgood, Mr. Vance does not know whether to "lay for him with half a brick" or "slip him some laurel to wear on his high brow for being a good little press agent." Mr. Vance's engaging explanation of how the exaggerated opinion of the labor world arose is as follows: "One day last summer poor Hapgood, while riding with me in a public conveyance, in Provincetown, interrupted his attention to my babble long enough to wave salutation to a friend on the sidewalk and to explain: 'That's Bill Haywood.' Now Provincetown has a summer population composed, in almost equal parts, of Hawthorne's art students, Hutchins Hapgood and literary people; and the thought of big Bill Haywood infesting any community as sedate and laborless as Provincetown seemed so incongruous that I immediately threw it into the discard, and, imagining that the person in question must be some other author with a poor, tired typewriter, I innocently inquired: 'Who's Bill Haywood?'"

Gene Stratton Porter's new story called "Laddie" is unquestionably one of the big hits of the early season, though its merit escaped certain of the reviewers. The story is praised particularly for its intimate and graphic descriptions of farm life in Indiana forty years or more ago, for the charm of the open which pervades it, for its wholesome homeliness and its avoidance of "sensationalism." An account of a country wedding, full of simple tenderness and feeling for the facts of life which are worth while. A book with so great a claim to popular acceptance may be accounted too long by one reviewer, in a hurry to catch a train, or tending in certain passages to melodrama by another, who wants the serenity of the happy domestic life which has been so charmingly portrayed to continue. But it is likely to catch the fancy of the readers, and when a book has made such a real hit as "Laddie" has made, we like to know about it and help it along.

Appearance of an anonymous serial in one of the most important magazines naturally incites its readers to conjecture as to the author; and Lilian Whiting hazards hers that the new story in the Century entitled "Home" is written by Mary McNeil Fenollosa. With the single exception of a volume of poems—poetic work of singular beauty, and warmly praised by so authoritative a critic as was Edmund Clarence Stedman—with this exception, which appeared from the Boston house of Little, Brown & Co., Mrs. Fenollosa's literary work has never been identified with her own name. Her first novel, "Truth Dexter," achieved a wide popularity under her nom de plume of "Sidney McCall," which has now become so well known as to cease to conceal its identity with Mrs. Fenollosa. One of the most brilliant and gifted among the younger American writers, with rare

creative and artistic power, Mrs. Fenollosa has already won permanent recognition; and if this serial shall prove to be her work it will perhaps deepen the interest of the general reader in a very unusual contribution to contemporary fiction.

In his latest novel, "Bendish," Mr. Hewlett has created for his readers a group of characters that is likely to excite the curiosity of those who are fond of literary puzzles. Bendish, the protagonist of the book, is a poet, a sentimentalist, a man of clear-cut, statuesque features, rejoicing in the "marble pallor" which is said to appeal to certain romantic souls as the finest type of masculine beauty. Moreover, his baptismal name is George, he belongs to the English aristocracy, and he lived in the early part of the last century. All this seems to point to one inevitable conclusion; but, alas! Bendish was not lame—and so, perhaps, Mr. Hewlett does not intend him as a study of Lord Byron any more than he intends his Gervase Poore as a full-length portrait of the poet Shelley. It is more than likely that Mr. Hewlett has not aimed to be photographic in his portrayals; he is too fine an artist for that. But he has given an excellent impressionistic study of the Byron-Shelley circle of a century ago—a circle peculiarly rich in eccentric characters—and readers of what is known as the literary type of novel will find in his pages much to entertain them.

Publication of the late Prof. Edward Dowden's letters will bring to light, undoubtedly, many an interesting bit of literary gossip growing out of their author's intimacy with the famous authors of the last half century. Literary curiosity, however, will be more keenly aroused by the little volume of verse which will be published by Prof. Dowden's sister, Miss Elizabeth Yeats. The collection consists of a sequence of a hundred and one lyrics, entitled "A Woman's Reliquary." The author's identity is not disclosed, but there is a short preface, to which Prof. Dowden signs his name as editor. As the latter gained recognition as a poet as far back as 1876, and as a posthumous volume of his verse is announced for immediate publication, it is not difficult to foresee that the authorship of "A Woman's Reliquary" will be confidently attributed to him. The case is similar to that of Mrs. Browning's responsibility for the "Sonnets of the Portuguese," and even recalls the delightful mystery suggested by the dual literary personality of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod.

Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson's novel, "An Average Man," has attracted much attention in the weeks that have passed since its publication in England. Dodd, Mead & Co. issued the American edition of it last week. In this novel the problem has to do chiefly with attitudes toward religion. The scene is a London suburb. Among the many new books published by this same firm is one by Mrs. Walter Gallichan, with a somewhat startling title—"The Truth About Woman." Mrs. Gallichan has hitherto been known as a writer on art, but for a long time, it is said, she has been planning this work. She writes of woman from many points of view, biological, social and psychological. The publishers state that this is not feminist propaganda, that the author approached her subject absolutely without prejudice. If she has done so, she has accomplished a feat almost unprecedented, for on this subject few writers are able to maintain scientific open-mindedness.

Poems of verse are unusually scarce this autumn. The Century Company has just published one—"Merchants from Cathay," by William Rose Benet. Poems by this young writer (who since July, 1911, has been a member of the editorial staff of the Century) have been of frequent occurrences in the pages of leading American magazines, and poetry lovers have looked forward to this volume with much interest.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., October 4, 1913.

018626. Not coal land.
NOTICE is hereby given that John C. Allen, whose post-office address is 5927 Piedmont Ave., Highland Park, Calif., did, on the 29th day of April, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018626, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 13, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$300.00, the stone estimated at \$150.00, and the land \$150.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 18th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., October 4, 1913.

016918. Not coal land.
NOTICE is hereby given that James McNamara, whose post-office address is 800 Hubbard St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 18th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016918, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 17, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 17th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., October 4, 1913.

017692. Not coal land.
NOTICE is hereby given that Herbert H. Manley, whose post-office address is 320 Market St., San Francisco, California, did, on the 10th day of February, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 017692, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 24, NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 25, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 16th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., October 4, 1913.

016878. Not coal land.
NOTICE is hereby given that Benjamin P. Welch, whose post-office address is 218 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 13th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016878, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 6, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 15th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., October 4, 1913.

017691. Not coal land.
NOTICE is hereby given that Reuben H. Manley, whose post-office address is 320 Market St., San Francisco, California, did, on the 10th day of February, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 017691, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 24, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 25, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 16th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., October 4, 1913.

016921. Not coal land.
NOTICE is hereby given that Bert Cowen, whose post-office address is 1610 $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 11th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 18th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016921, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 17, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 16th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., October 4, 1913.

018476. Not coal land.
NOTICE is hereby given that Charles H. Mephram, whose post-office address is 306 E. Washington St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 15th day of April, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018476, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 7, N $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 18, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. E. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 15th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., October 4, 1913.

018625. Not coal land.
NOTICE is hereby given that Alice D. Dorn, whose post-office address is 1126 4th Ave., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 29th day of April, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018625, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 13, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 17th day of December, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Stocks & Bonds

Necessity for further readjustment in the general financial situation has become definitely apparent in the last week or two. Passing of the tariff bill has left doubts as to whether or not its effects have been discounted too much or too little, while currency legislation is coming in for a great deal of consideration, and has caused the banking interests to adopt an attitude of restraint, until it is finally known what the senate's action in relation to the measure shall be. The failure of a portion of the corn crop proves still a leading factor in influencing sentiment. In more immediate relation to the market the hardening of foreign money rates, in union with a poor New York bank statement last week, has aided in causing severe pressure in the New York market, due to foreign and domestic liquidation.

European business conditions which showed a marked improvement the latter part of the summer and early fall, have again become rather dull. There also appears to be a contraction in this country, although not in the pronounced degree that was evident earlier in the year. Fundamentally, however, indications point toward improvement in the near future. But, it is, of course, possible that certain anticipated investigations into "big business" at the coming regular session of congress in December, will tend to create a feeling of restraint for a time again. It appears as if the financial world only manages to get out of one difficulty gracefully to become involved in another, and so far it has been standing the strain pretty well.

Notwithstanding the conditions just described are particularly predicable of the east, it is not unlikely that they will be reflected, although in a minor degree, in this section. There has been a noticeable diminution of speculative activities in the last week, although the volume of business still maintains a fair average, compared with the dullness of a few months ago. The list suffered from a small reactionary decline, and while it has made efforts to recuperate its losses, the upward movement so far has been rather feeble.

"Cheap" stocks continue the features of the trading. Among the oils National Pacific is still the most active. The change from last week has been nominal, though, as in the instance of most of the issues at time of writing, the market is a little easier. Maricopa Northern shows a small loss. Jade is a little softer. Union oil has been rather inactive and has weakened a little. Associated and Amalgamated have been easy most of the time. Midway Northern has declared a regular 1/2 cent dividend and an extra dividend of the same amount; it has shaded a little. California Midway is barely steady.

In the industrial list, Los Angeles Investment has remained rather a feature. It has declined a little but now shows a tendency to recuperate. Producers' has strengthened slightly.

Bank stock list is quiet. Bonds have firmed a trifle, although Home Telephone First Refunding, a few of which were traded in, weakened. In the mining list Consolidated Mines and California Hills have attracted interest and reveal a shade of strength.

Banks and Banking

While the comptroller's statistics

shows liquidation of current liabilities by the national banks through a deposit decrease of \$192,122,118 between June 4 and August 9, the decrease compared shown August 9, compared with September 4 of last year, is really only \$130,331,275. At the same time loans increased \$25,527,392 between June 4 and August 9, and \$127,714,244 between September 4, 1912, and August 9 of this year. Another feature which is worthy of consideration, and which is given more or less importance by bankers, is the excess of loans over deposits. A year ago, or September 4, 1912, the national banks of this country showed an excess of loans over individual deposits of \$159,171,263. At the last call this excess had grown to \$407,217,794. This would seem to indicate that at least on August 9 there was still a considerable overextension of loans in this country.

A new counterfeit, a \$10 national bank note on the First National Bank of New York, has been discovered by the secret service division of the treasury department. It is a photographic reproduction on fair quality paper, without silk threads or imitation of them. Coloring matter has been applied to the treasury and bank numbers and to the green panel on the back of the note.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Months of indifferent business on the London stock exchange is reported to have shattered the nerves of many brokers and jobbers. According to news dispatches they have grown peevish about the lack of public participation in the market, and are urging that the international umpires in the Balkan controversy bring a lot of pressure to bear to get the trouble smoothed out. It may not be said, of course, whether or not this complaint will receive attention in the proper quarters, but until a better understanding does exist between the Balkan nations it seems hardly likely that large scale business in securities will be transacted in the British market.

The unfavorable investment situation has operated against municipal financing as well as against corporation issues. According to the Weekly Bond Buyer municipalities in the United States in September sold bonds and notes to the aggregate par value of \$36,703,000, as against \$49,555,000 in August. There has been a steady decrease in the output of municipal securities in 1913 compared to 1912 in April, May, June and July, but for August and September the new issues were in excess of those for the corresponding months of last year. The total output for the last six months has been nearly \$38,000,000 less than the total for the corresponding half-year in 1912.

At a special election Wednesday South Pasadena carried a \$550,000 bond issue for municipal improvements, with the \$300,000 bond issue for water in doubt.

Balboa has voted a water bond issue of \$25,000.

James Branch Cabell's "The Soul of Melicent" is said on the title page to be "translated from the French of Nicolas de Caen." The people of Caen wrote to Mr. Cabell for information

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about the illustrious Nicolas, and he was conscientiously obliged to tell them that he had created not only the stories but their supposed French author.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 6, 1913.

016919 NOTICE is hereby given that Tobias Beckner Harris, whose post-office address is 140 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 18th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016919, to purchase the W1/4SE1/4 NE1/4SE1/4, Section 17, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$300.00, the stone estimated at \$180.00 and the land \$120; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 18th day of November, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
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Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

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Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

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S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,000,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

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N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHEURN, President.
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
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